KNAVE

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VOLUME 19 NUMBER 11

THE KNAVE INTERVIEW:

FOOTBALL BOSS

DAVE BASSETT

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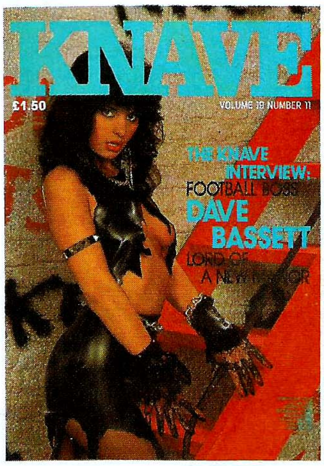

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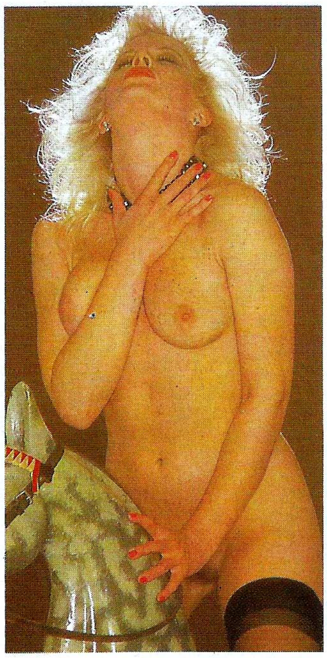
ABC

ISSN 0265-1289

4 GIRL CHAT
Model secrets

7 KNAVEL HISTORY
Anti-heroes

8 ALISON
Photographed by Simon Hurst



16 DAVE BASSETT
The Knave Interview

21 PENPOWER
Readers write — and write . . .

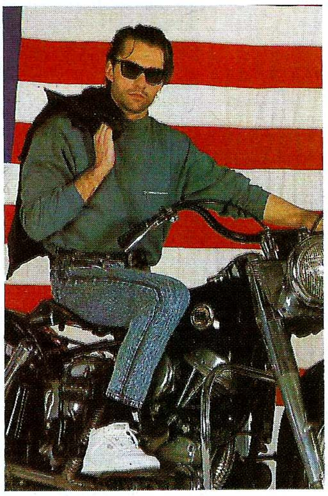
29 LUCY
Photographed by Alan Walton

36 SLUG
Cartoon cavemen

39 MANUELA
Photographed by Jan Svenson

46 IT'S A FACT (OR IS IT?)
To lie or not to lie

52 SHIVANI
Photographed by Austin Legrew



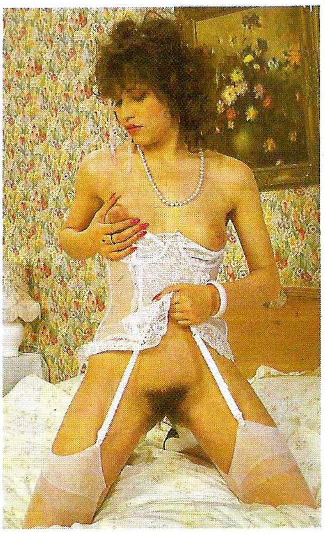
60 KNAVE FASHION
The new leather look

66 VIEWFINDER
Knaveish entertainment

74 SNAP SHOT SHOW
Camera club

77 KOREN
Photographed by Marcel

84 SECRETS OF THE SEX MANIAC'S DIARY
Stateside smut



88 AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH
Photographed by Dave Antony

95 IN THE MILE HIGH CLUB
Knave Fiction

100 MARGARET
Photographed by Larry Caye

111 WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?
Which doctor?

Girl CHAT

This is the bit where we take ourselves even less seriously than in the rest of the magazine. As well as looking at a sample of every girl in the issue (and using the 'caught off guard' shots where available) our man propping up the bar at the Grievous Bodily Arms, W.F. Guttersnipe, delves into the drivelling depths of the so-called 'girlie blurbs' and tells the sordid truth about the thirty-strong team of addle-brained hierophants who stand in for an infinite number of monkeys and write them. From the Senior Arch-blurb Director to the Boy On a Youth Training Scheme Who Fills In When the Assistant Vice-deputy Blurb Researcher Is Having An Acne Attack, from El Gutto the obese Editor to El Blotto his tosspot assistant – all are libelled in equal and fearless measure. Then we have the section where W.F.G. takes an irreverent look at the sillier stories sent to us from local newspapers around the country and the national press. Don't forget – you can earn yourself £20 by sending us a funny newspaper cutting which we can use in this column. (Send your crazy cuttings to W.F. Guttersnipe, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.) Read on . . . !

CHAIN GANG

It's always nice to see a familiar . . . er . . . face, so let us begin the run-down of this month's parade of beauties with Shivani – she of the Asiatic complexion and the ironmonger-surplus paraphernalia.

When they were working in tandem (the expenses wouldn't run to taxis, even in those days) the past and present editors, El Pisso and El Gutto, were generally regarded as a 'chalk and cheese' partnership, but in fact they had far more in common than most of their colleagues recognized.

Those who kept a close watch could see that the two inebriates' stomachs expanded and their hairlines contracted at approximately the same rate, and both – unknown to each other – used precisely the same method of picking the lock on the managing director's drinks cabinet. For a small consideration, I can arrange for the video tapes to remain unpublished.

Finally, both always suffered an obsession with Shivani. Readers will be pleased to see that old habits die hard. Personally, I think it's a nice touch that she should appear, for old times' sake, dressed in the very same chain El Pisso used to wear on his wallet.

OYSTER'S GALL-STONES

I seem to recall a girl wearing blue gems who the blurb labourers assured us was called Sapphire (they misspelled it, in fact, but let that pass), then only recently we had a girl called Pearl who was wearing . . . yes, you guessed it. This issue, as if Lucy in the sky with diamonds weren't enough, we have another filly with a string of oyster's gall-stones round her delectable neck.

Another girl called, due to a hundreds-to-one-against coincidence, Pearl? No, even the General Blurb Manager's Able-bodied Name Looker-upper wouldn't expect you to swallow that. This one's called Margaret. It's Greek for Pearl . . .

They'll get away, I suppose, with Emerald, Ruby, Topaz, Amber, Beryl, Turquoise, Coral and Jade. But what are they going to do when one of the models wanders in wearing a bloodstone, I wonder?

And as for carbuncles . . .

NEO-KANTIAN IDEALISM

Lounging on the inflatable bed is Koren. According to the blurb department it's a Greek word; my dictionary doesn't cover the subject, but I'm inclined to think it's a typographical error, and that she's named affter the editor of *Punch*.

The philosophy student some jerk hired as a summer relief on the blurb desk *(Careful. – Ed.)* has declared her to be "the visual equivalent" of a book by Hegel. Through a stroke of utter stupidity, this lame-brain was allowed to explain his theory to the girl herself – that she represented for him the embodiment of a concept whereby the world was an unfolding expression of one all-embracing absolute idea. Also, how about a pint after work, with some unfolding and all-embracing antics to follow.

Koren obviously knew a bit of philosophy as well. "What a Kant," she said, after he'd gone away. Well, I think that was the gist of it.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

I realize that some may consider me a rather reactionary old buffer. It is, I am sure, quite incomprehensible *(This from a man who deals in sentences 86 words long! – Ed.)* to the snappily-dressed young nincompoops who join the blurb department fresh from taking degrees in Social Interfaces of New Technology – the sort who make up for the irradiation battering their bodies owing to prolonged exposure to word processor screens by drinking Perrier by the litre – that anyone can still use a manual typewriter, patronize a pub without a video juke box, drink anything that comes out of a hand pump or eat soup without croutons in it.

Yes, it must be confessed that not only do I have my own seat down at the Grievous Bodily Arms, I am such a stick-in-the-mud as to have an entire table allocated by the kindly landlord, and woe betide anyone else found trying to sleep under it.

But is it really just the fact that I am not 'with it' (whatever 'it' may be) that I feel more than a sneaking sympathy for a young offender who defaulted on his probation earlier this year because his supervisors kept asking him to pretend to be a fruit?

For the benefit of any American readers, let me explain that I do not mean that the lad was expected to play at being gay, rather that the supervisors of social therapy at the poor chaps' day centre in Yorkshire wanted him to adopt the role of something one might find on the shelf of a greengrocer's shop.

Huddersfield Crown Court heard in June how the confused and embarrassed fellow had been required to play the part of various fruits, but had finally drawn the line at being told to act like an apple. "I suppose there must be some meaning in these exercises, but he found it difficult to cope with them," his brief told the beak, who packed the unfortunate 19-year old off on 140 hours of community service.

Doubtless some socially aware Knave reader could put me straight on what the purpose of pretending to be an apple (or, for that matter, a pomegranate, water melon or lychee) might be, but like the reluctant probationer, I am at a loss. The only reason I can imagine for training

GYPSY GIRL

The drivel does not diminish. According to her blurb writer – on this occasion the Official Keeper of the Cliché and Assistant to the Girlie Fiction Executive – Manuela (posing on hands and knees) is a Romany Gypsy in charge of a wooden peg factory and heather gathering collective. Where do these unfathomable brainwaves come from?

Neither can one take seriously his claim that she is a woman of "refined tastes", formulated on the basis that she took him "into her confidence and later into her house". Taste? She probably watches *Crossroads* and keeps a collection of mutant snails in a bucket under her bed.

Manuela, it says here, also tells fortunes, but "it's not her crystal ball she cups in her hands". Quite. The only balls involved are in the girlie blurb.

I reckon anyone could tell you this nincompoop of a writer's fortune, and it will have more to do with P45s than Pulitzer Prizes . . .

Girl CHAT

continued from the previous page

young people to emulate the properties of vegetable produce would be if they were marked down as prospective Conservative backbenchers.

Now, if the world operated in such a way that young offenders could be trained physically to turn themselves into foodstuffs simply by prolonged sessions of walking around saying "I am a tin of condensed milk" repeatedly, I could see the point of it. In that case the prison service might cure its overcrowding problem by responding to another June press item, which revealed that Europe had yet another mountain to add to its list of surpluses 26,000 tonnes of Vietnamese tapioca.

The answer reveals itself in a blinding flash; teach the excess inhabitants of Albany, Strangeways and Wormwood Scrubs to turn themselves into ten-gallon bottles of rosehip syrup and you have a year's supply of free puddings for Britain's needy schoolchildren. We may not be able to supply them with books, but by God we can at least keep them in creamed tapioca.

The only problem is that I doubt British schoolchildren eat proper puddings any more (you have to go to transport cafés and English cuisine restaurants for that privilege); I suspect that after their gazpacho with croutons, and their aubergine bake, the little buggers are issued with a bottle of Perrier. Then they go off and pretend to be apples . . . with double disk-drives and graphic printers.

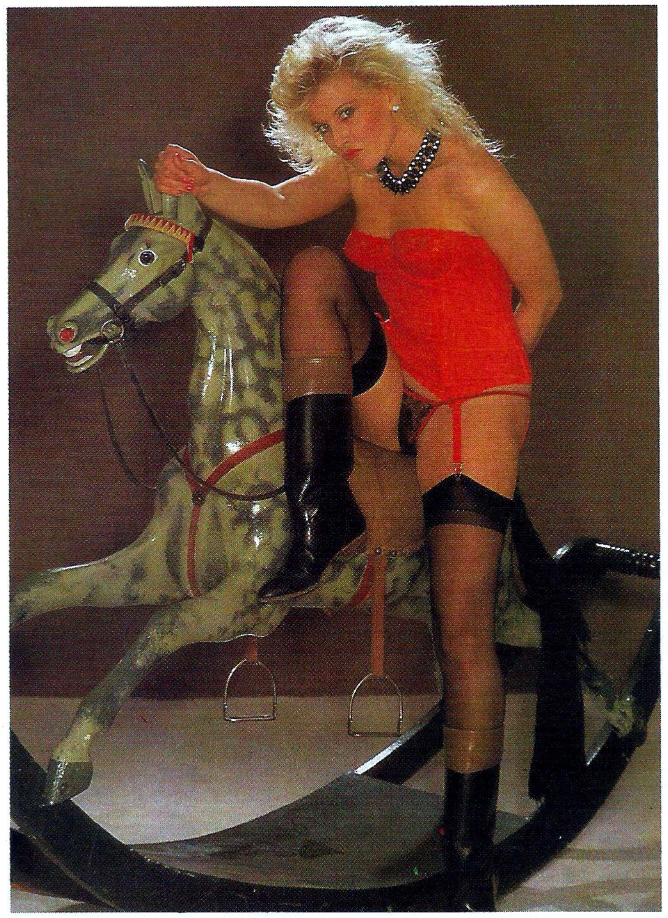
Ho hum. Roll on opening time.

SANDWICH BAR

Perched on the duvet is this month's Amateur Model, Lisa Rigby. Whether at all related to Eleanor of the song, I can't tell — but it's hard to imagine her left on the shelf.

Lisa comes from Sandwich, which seems remarkably fitting for someone who would make such a welcome filling spread between a couple of slices of bedsheet. When the gross supremo and his counterpart on Fiesta heard about this, they asked her if she'd fancy squeezing between their Wonderloaf-coloured bodies 'for a visual pun'. After looking at the material on offer, she astutely commented: "I said Sandwich, not doorstop".

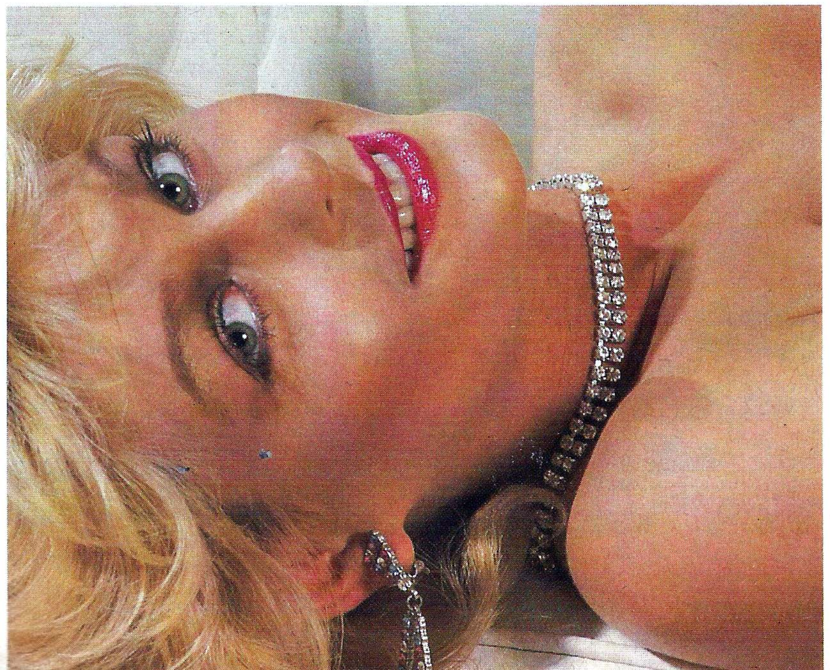
Lisa apparently harbours an ambition to turn professional. This is more than can honestly be said of the editors.



HORSE SENSE

Alison was sure the rotund editor, El Gutto The Gannet, had told her he expected she'd be feeling 'a little hoarse' by the end of the day in the studio. Was he a clairvoyeur, she wondered (actually, that's fairly accurate if you delete the 'clair'), or was she going to be asked to do a lot of shouting?

Of course, nothing is ever that complicated with Knave. 'Horse' it was — although it required threatening letters from the vice squad, the Jockey Club and the RSPCA before the outsized pervert could be persuaded to settle for the lovely little wooden number pictured. I think he held out for so long because the phrase 'inanimate antique' reminded him too strongly of the contents of his Yves Saint Fatarse jockey shorts.



GUILTY AS CHARGED

"Why do you keep suggesting that we make the girl blurbs up?" a shop steward for the Amalgamated Union of Pin-up Captioners and Hyperbole Tappers asked me the other night. I cite the case of Lucy as an example.

Lucy is the lass sporting a string of sparklers round her throat, by the way. She came into the studio just after that summertime spate of '*Sergeant Pepper* twenty years after' programmes and features, and — unimaginative old hippie that he is — this clearly set the Assistant Idiot off.

Diamonds, he must have mused to himself, humming through the catalogue of Beatles' numbers as what passes for his brain ticked over. Of course. Call her Lucy. Lucy with diamonds. And (could it be otherwise?), her hobby just happens to be skydiving.

Credible? Members of the jury, I rest my case.

KNAVEL HISTORY

(A SERIES OF KNAVES AND BOUNDERS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS)

'RACOON-BREATH' CALHOUN (1807-1836)

Mention the name 'Racoon-Breath' Calhoun to any modern-day Texan and, chances are, you'll get a kick in the cobblers. This scummy little shit-bag will forever be remembered as 'the man who shopped Davy Crockett'. On that fateful day in 1836 at the Alamo, as 185 brave Texans were trying to hold off 4,000 Mexicans, a lone voice could be heard across the ramparts. "Don't shoot! That's the one you want! The cunt with the silly hat on!"

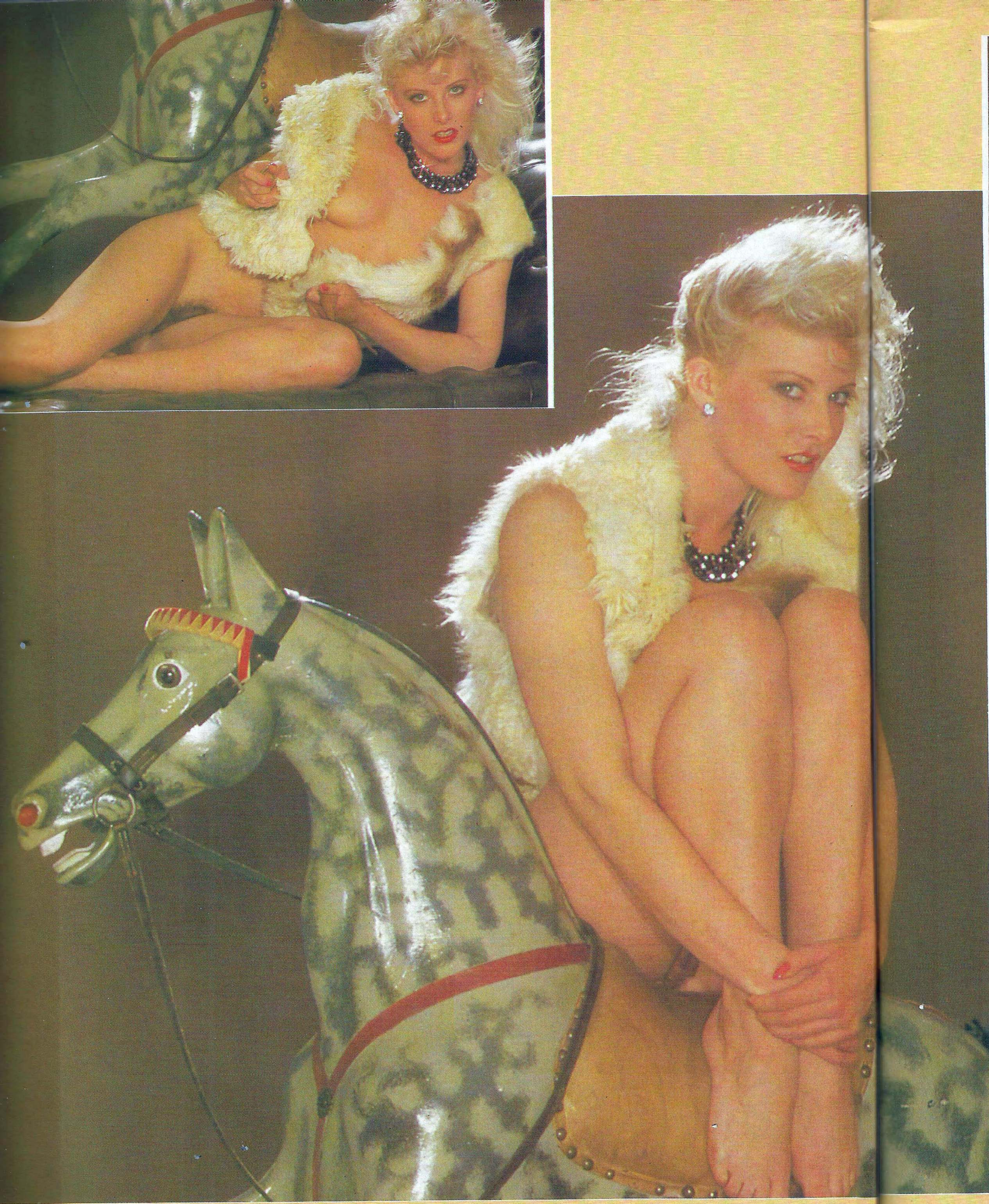
As it happens, Calhoun's own death was one of poetic justice. As a hail of bullets ripped into Davy Crockett, one ricocheted from the great frontiersman's pocket-watch and went straight up 'Racoon-Breath's' nose, killing him instantly.

The spot where Calhoun fell at the Alamo is still marked today. A tiny plaque reads: "Cunt".

alison

Ride a-cockhorse, baby. Better still . . . but no, the memo from the pastoral and moral care division expressly forbade that sort of cheap sexual innuendo. A bit odd, that, seeing as only last week the head of the aforementioned department used to be chief gusset-sniffer over in this department! Well, that's bureaucracy for you. Getting back to Alison – she's another of our old girls (old as in 'has appeared here before' not as in 'wrinklies and woollen vests'). The last time she was here, the heating was on the blink – that explains why she brought her own fur-jacket this time round. The couch is obvious – all our models feel that a spot of therapy is called for after enduring one of our studio lunches. The horse? Ah! My fault I'm afraid, I told her there was going to be plenty of horseplay . . .

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON HURST



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVE ANTONY, ALL-SPORT & BOB THOMAS SPORTS

DAVE BASSETT -HARRY'S GAME

FOOTBALL THE EASY WAY

It might not seem very far from Wimbledon to Watford, but soccer manager Dave Bassett went the long way round in a meteoric rise from the Fourth Division to the First. MIKE HENDERSON spoke to the man . . .

Football managers come in all shapes and sizes but few fail to respond to the trappings of success. Pampered by publicity which shrieks from the back pages and pours out wave upon wave from the television screens, the cast list is familiar.

There is the famous, successful manager like Brian Clough. The famous, taciturn one like Kenny Dalglish. The famous, unsuccessful one, John Bond. The one who modified his accent as soon as his mug appears on the telly, David Pleat. There are jesters, straight men and buffoons all different except in one important respect: most have an inflated view of themselves and what Clough refers to as their 'industry'. Where, then, do you put Dave Bassett?

For one thing he has an endearing line in self-deprecation: "The Wimbledon directors didn't want to know about providing money until we were in the Second Division, then I found out the owner was a millionaire. I mean, I'm not the brightest fella walking about."

For another you won't budge him from his Saturday night ritual of ganging up with his mates: "They knew me when I was nothing. They knew I used to chase birds, got turned down by birds. We don't talk football, just have a few pints, a laugh. I'm just lucky that I'm in a game where there is a lot of exposure. My mates don't treat me with more respect just because I'm a football manager. They still call me a wanker."

He takes the straight talking into the dressing room and Press

continued from previous page

conference. "He couldn't hit a cow's arse with a shovel," was the view of an off-target Wimbledon striker. On another occasion he kept the team on the Oxford pitch during the half time interval, enraged by their performance.

He could be termed the manager who rose without trace. After all, when you're appointed manager of a Fourth Division club newly elected to the Football League — as Bassett was in 1981 — you don't expect to be putting noses out of joint at Anfield and White Hart Lane five years later and even if you do, no-one else does. Of course, neither Bassett nor Wimbledon stepped straight from obscurity into the big time. Their efforts, though remarkable, took seasons of toil. No-one believed they could reach the top flight until they got there and when it happened there were plenty of red faces.

Despite the spectacular rise, despite the graph which revealed new peaks of success, despite the £150,000 he made on transfer deals, Bassett was the worst-paid manager in the First Division when he left Plough Lane in May. There were other, well-documented reasons for his departure, like falling out with chairman Sam Hammam and within a week he was welcomed with open arms at Watford when Graham Taylor sought a fresh challenge at Aston Villa. Memories of the later days at Plough Lane remain bitter even though he is not a rancorous man. Wimbledon demanded £200,000 compensation while Taylor left Vicarage Road with Watford's best wishes. "I always thought if you did service you got a gold watch, you didn't give the employer a gold watch," said Bassett.

He is now very much of Watford but Bassett and Wimbledon were married for so long that the story begins there — Southern League days as a competitive wing half, success and — almost as soon — failure as a fledgling manager after working through the coaching ranks. Then the thrilling ride to the top, suffering barbs hurled along the way. Crude Wimbledon. Dirty Dons. The self-appointed arbiters of the British game enjoyed a rare feast although there was one notable, and surprising, dissenter. "Wimbledon," said Eamonn Dunphy, the gifted Millwall winger, now a gifted writer, "represent all that is good about the English game." So step down from the dock, Mr Bassett, and defend yourself.

"Yeah, I though Eamonn might be anti us but he travelled to Portsmouth when we were going for promotion from the Second Division and came to respect us. I was quite touched when I read his piece in the *The Sunday Times*. He didn't join the masses who were having a go at the way we played."

But it was dark ages stuff, surely, the game Wimbledon played? Bang bang bang. The Lawrie Sanchez sending-off incident at Tottenham. John Fashanu leaving his elbow in a thousand faces.

"People said we were too aggressive and physical but they hid behind that. We beat sides fairly and squarely but they used incidents to throw back at us. At Tottenham all they made a fuss about was the Sanchez and Roberts sending off but we had played well and their team hadn't performed.

"What upset the likes of Tottenham was that although they thought it was romantic to have Wimbledon in the First Division they didn't expect to lose to them.

" 'Thank you very much for turning up, lads, you've done a tremendous job for your club,' and all that but they didn't expect having to say 'well done, you won and you bloody deserved it.'

That wasn't in the script. Let's face it, those teams had Wimbledon down at the beginning of the season for six points. There was sour grapes from some big clubs who couldn't cope with the fact that we'd beaten them. We were used to that sort of thing, though, we'd had it all the way from the Fourth Division.

"I remember reading Lester Piggott's autobiography and he said that if you make some errors and admit you were wrong then you get blamed for all sorts of things that you are not necessarily at fault for. I'm not a bloody fool and if we were ever out of order I would know. But other teams, and the media, over-reacted to the 'Wimbledon machine' and we became the whipping boys like Watford before us."

If Bassett is happy to stick up two fingers at his detractors, he learned in a hard school. Imagine Scarborough piling through the divisions to spike the big guns. Yet that's just what Bassett did with his players and he won't thank you for calling it a fairy story.

"Fairy stories exist in the imagination, dreams can come true. We proved that. There may have been some luck but it couldn't all have been luck. We certainly didn't have any money until we got into the Second Division but we had enthusiasm, a belief in our potential and ambition. We also had better players than people thought. Nigel Winterburn has gone to the Arsenal, Kevin Gage to Villa, Glyn Hodges to Newcastle and I've brought Mark Morris with me to Watford.

"He could be termed the manager who rose without a trace."

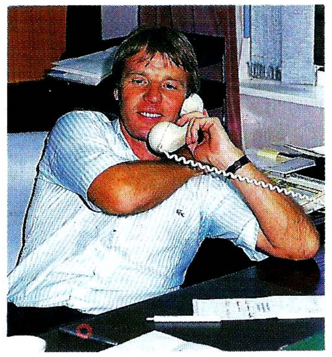
"People worry too much about the wrong things. We respected reputations but we were never frightened. I tell players: 'We start equal, there's a game kicking off and we're going to win it.' "

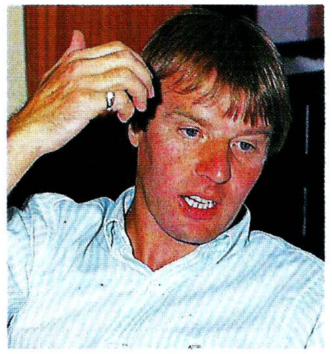
Straightforward approach, straightforward man. There's an appealing directness about Bassett's willingness to call a spade a spade — unless he falls over one. No 'call me boss' attitude here. No sense of false importance. No trumpet blowing.

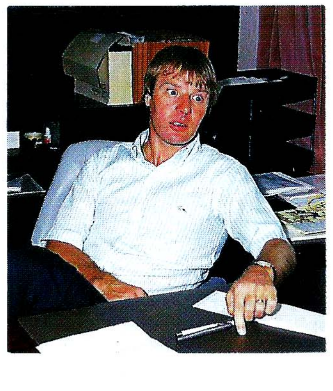
"Sure, I want to be successful but not for being well known. People tell me that what we did at Wimbledon was phenomenal but I didn't think it was. I was paid to do that. It's what I wanted always to do, getting into the top division to pit my wits against the best coaches. I'd love to be England manager, not for the kudos, but because you're taking on France and Czechoslovakia. It's another challenge."

Ambition and drive fuel every club. The game cannot function without such qualities and for Wimbledon to reach the top flight is a far bigger task than Everton winning the championship. The difficult thing is maintaining the momentum. In career terms Bassett made the right move at the right time. Had he stayed at Wimbledon success may well have rebounded on him.

"It would be interesting to go to certain clubs who are now in the Second or Third Division and say: 'We'll get you in the First, but you'll finish only tenth, will you be happy with that?' They'd







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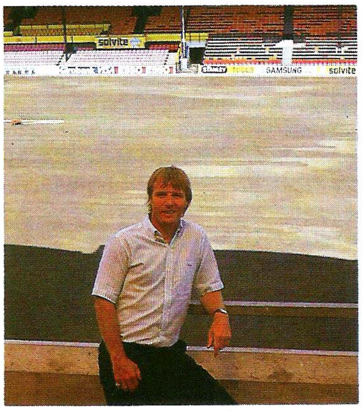
"Sure, I want to be successful but not for being well known."



bite your hand off. But when they get there and finish tenth they begin to think they should be better off.

"Some of them forget where they come from, they become engrossed by their own self-importance. Not everyone can be successful and you are always compared with what you've done in the past. At Wimbledon we finished sixth in our first season in the First Division and reached the quarter finals of the FA Cup. Now, to beat that I'd have had to remain in the top six and get to Wembley.

"There is no divine right in football, it's a highly volatile business. Look at Manchester United, Manchester City, Aston Villa, who have all gone down to the Second Division in recent years, Sunderland to the Third. In business terms you can't see ICI, Lonrho or IBM getting relegated. There are 12 clubs who have been in all four divisions, that shows the mood of the business."

The break had to come at Wimbledon, despite the heady days and Bassett's loyalty, because politics — which is never far from any surface — became particularly persistent once they had reached the First Division.

Hammam's public profile is lower than many other chairmen but the top man in any club wants to do more than count the pennies. In Bassett's case Hammam's interest in club affairs eventually became a hindrance. "There's no manager who's beaten the owner yet and I didn't think I would be the first." There were preliminary talks with Manchester City, vague links with the vacant Ipswich post but when Bassett returned home on Cup Final Saturday to find Elton John sitting in his lounge ("I thought it was Max Wall") the job was offered, accepted, signed and sealed.

After 13 years of toing and froing across London Bassett had returned home and felt as though he was playing truant when he reported for work at Watford's training ground in Honeypot Lane, where he was born.

The power struggle saddened him. "The jigsaw didn't fall into place until about March but he obviously thought I was too powerful. Because the fans chanted my name, because it was called Harry Bassett's club, he wanted recognition. Managers get too many accolades when the team does well and they get slaughtered too often when the team does poorly but I thought he would have been happy with what Wimbledon achieved."

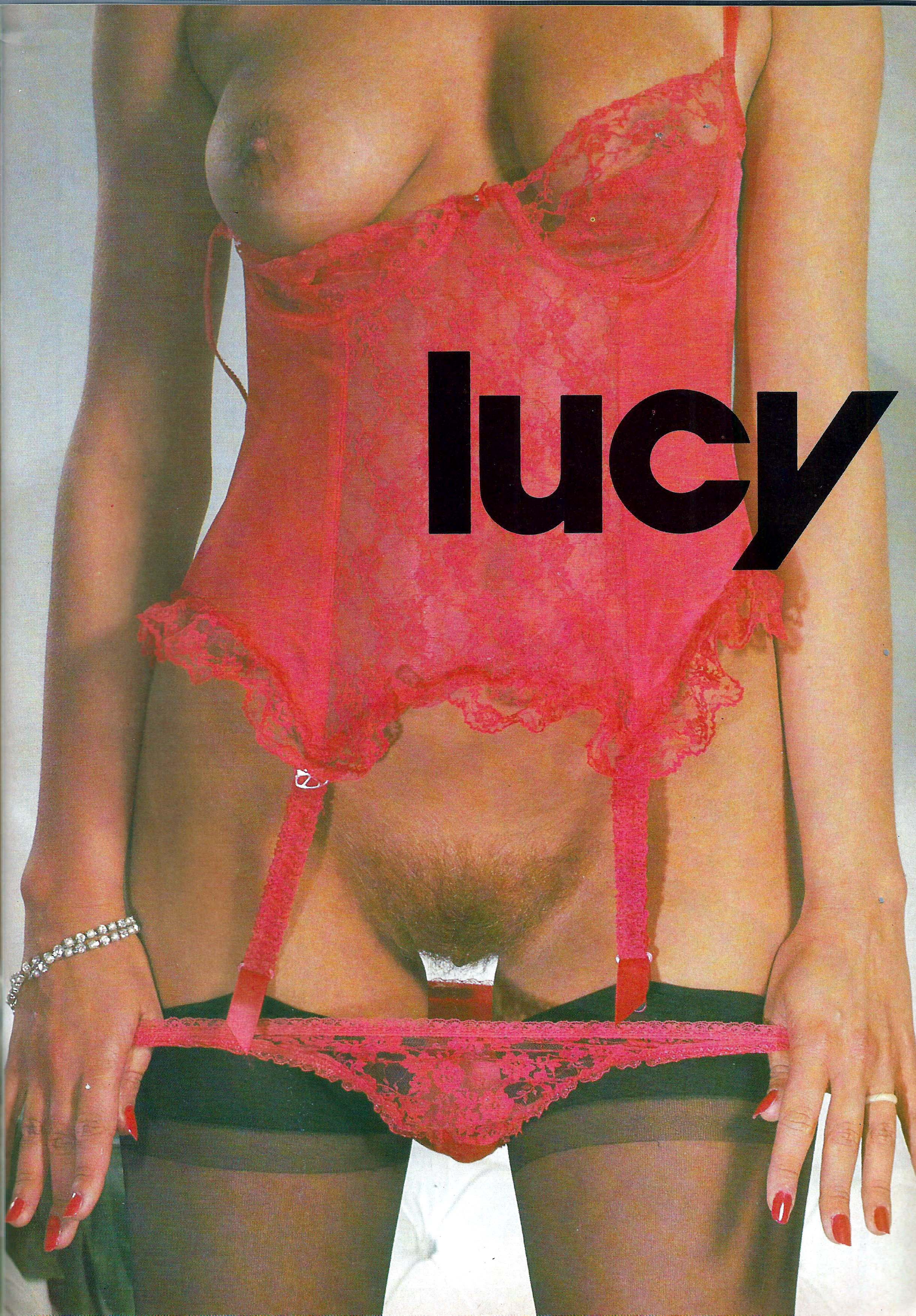
From Wimbledon to Watford. Sterner judges will have found the switch apt but Bassett is no man for labels.

"I want to score more goals than the opposition because then we'll win the bloody game. There are romantics who want the ball rolled out and others who like it hectic but I'm not in the business of living in a fool's paradise. I'm in the business of getting results. If you're Elton John and you make a record that you like but no bastard buys you're not going to make any dough. Make a record that's applicable to the fans and they'll buy it.

"In the end it's all nonsense. If people want to see the ball rolled from the back, they can. If they want to watch it banged up the middle, they can. But in the end people will go where teams are winning. Why were the quarter and semi finals packed out? Why did we have 16,000 at Wimbledon for the cup tie with Tottenham and only 4,000 three days later for Coventry?"

In a game where it pays to know your own mind, Bassett knows his. He listens but doesn't attach too much credence to the bar experts. "I've done it myself. 'Maggie should do this and this and why don't we do that?' I wake up the next morning and think 'you silly prick'. Let the others put the world to rights."

lucy

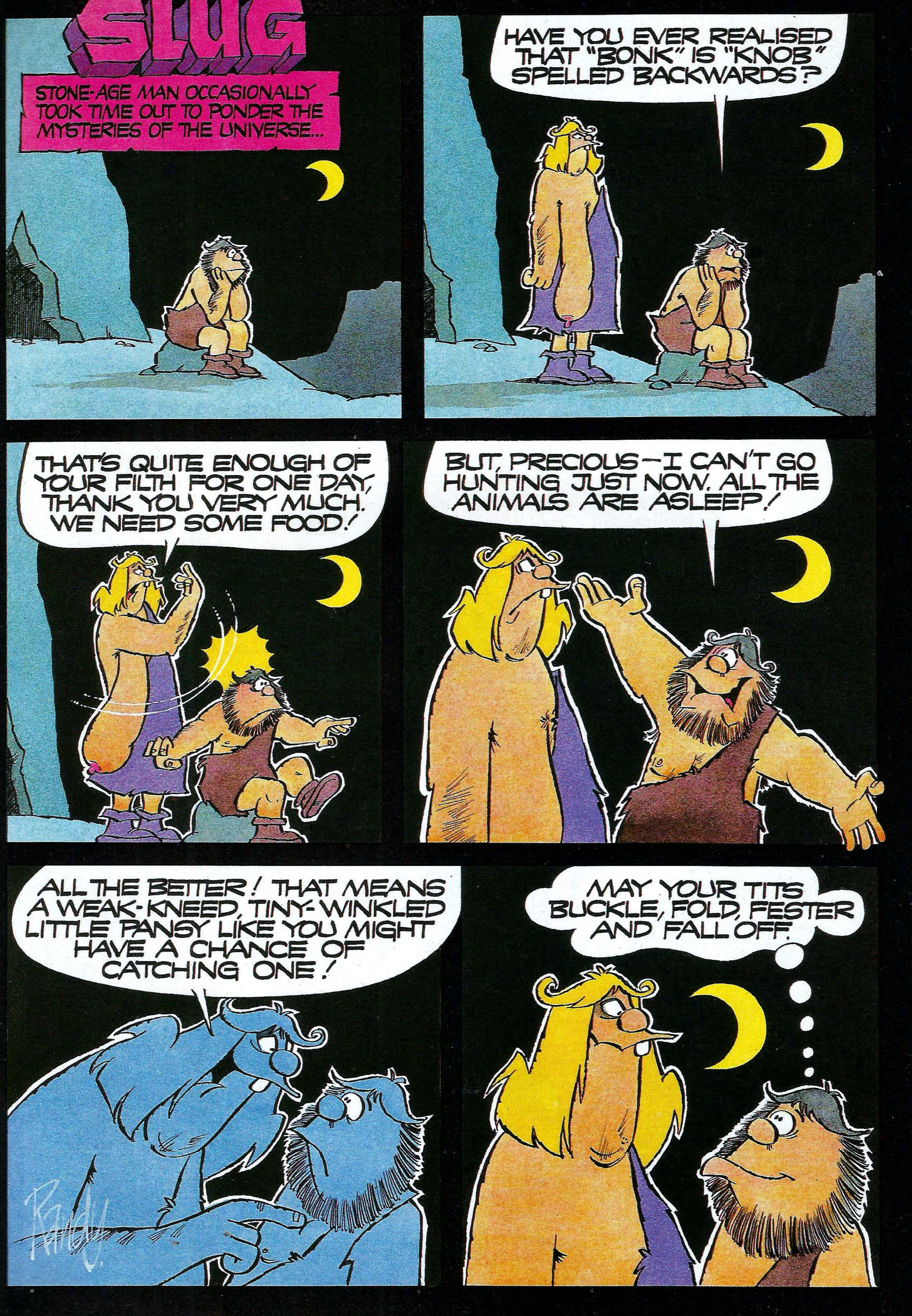


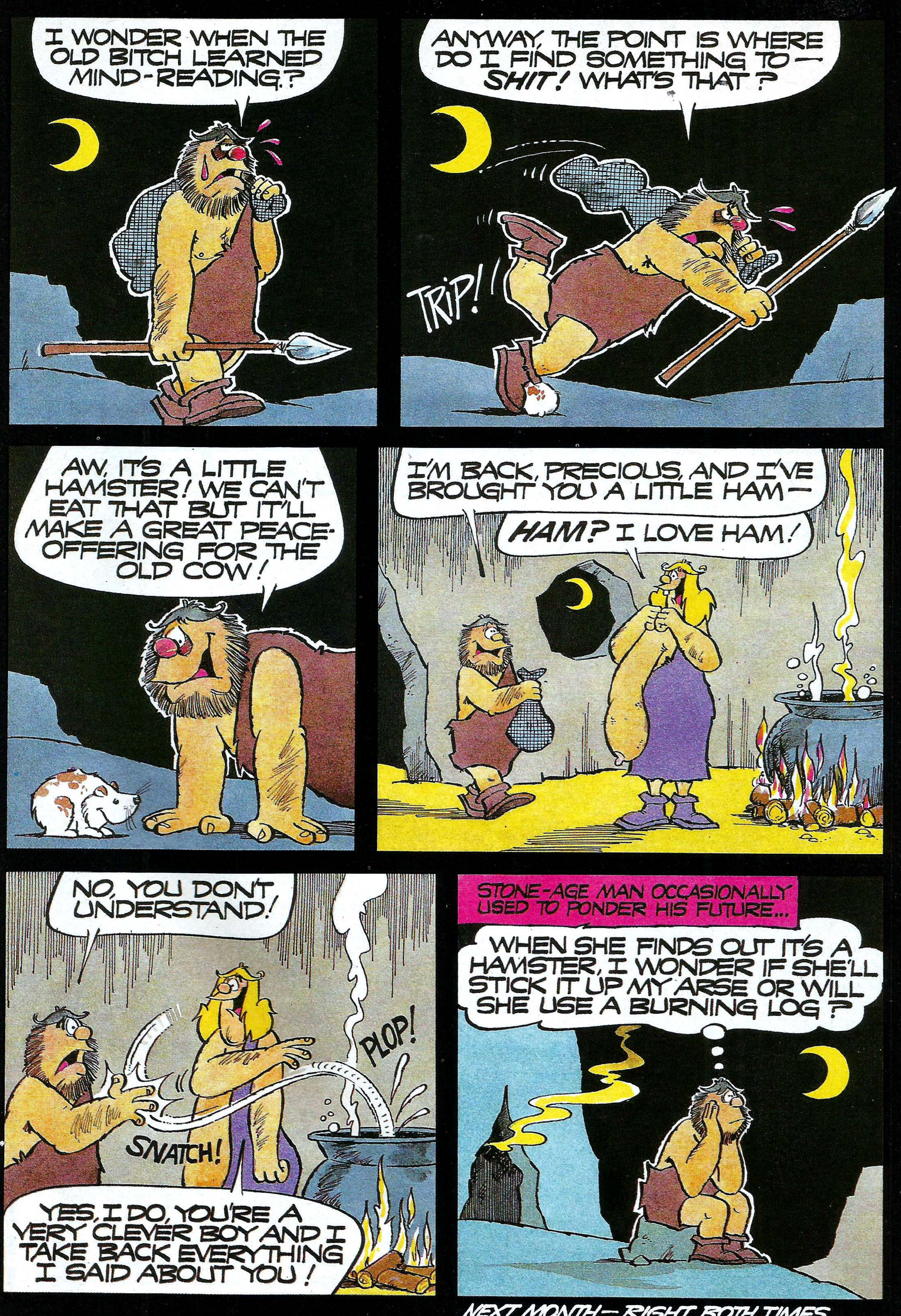
I often stand accused of being a pathological liar, still, we all (even humble blurb-writers) have to suffer for our art. Just follow the step-by-step construction of this blurb and see what I mean!

Stage one: name and attributes. Believe it or believe it not: Lucy is the proud owner of a really lovely set — I'm talking diamonds here, not teeth or whatsits. Now, already we have two components towards the final blurb — Lucy and diamonds — which are enough in themselves to remind people of the summer of love. If I left it at that people might just believe me.

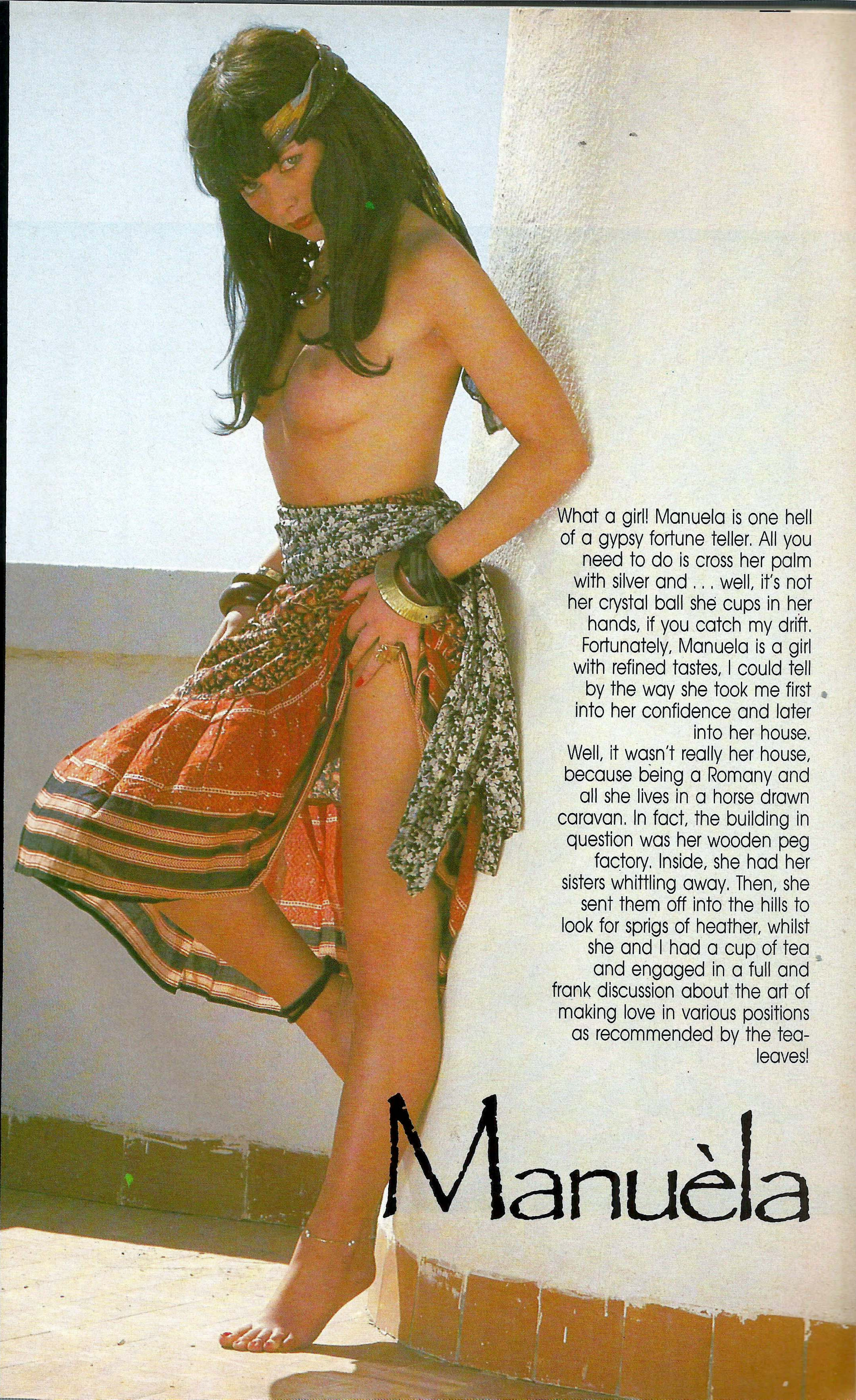
Stage two: hobbies. By a staggering coincidence, the third element of this blurb relates to her fave, rave pastime: sky-diving. This is where credibility goes right out the window — I mean, Lucy in the sky with diamonds? C'mon!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN WALTON


SLUG
STONE-AGE MAN OCCASIONALLY TOOK TIME OUT TO PONDER THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE...
HAVE YOU EVER REALISED THAT "BONK" IS "KNOB" SPELLED BACKWARDS?
THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH OF YOUR FILTH FOR ONE DAY, THANK YOU VERY MUCH. WE NEED SOME FOOD!
BUT, PRECIOUS—I CAN'T GO HUNTING JUST NOW. ALL THE ANIMALS ARE ASLEEP!
ALL THE BETTER! THAT MEANS A WEAK-KNEED, TINY-WINKLED LITTLE PANSY LIKE YOU MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE OF CATCHING ONE!
MAY YOUR TITS BUCKLE, FOLD, FESTER AND FALL OFF


I WONDER WHEN THE OLD BITCH LEARNED MIND-READING?
ANYWAY, THE POINT IS WHERE DO I FIND SOMETHING TO— SHIT! WHAT'S THAT?
TRIP!!
AW, IT'S A LITTLE HAMSTER! WE CAN'T EAT THAT BUT IT'LL MAKE A GREAT PEACE-OFFERING FOR THE OLD COW!
I'M BACK, PRECIOUS, AND I'VE BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE HAM—
HAM? I LOVE HAM!
NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
SNATCH!
PLOP!
YES, I DO, YOU'RE A VERY CLEVER BOY AND I TAKE BACK EVERYTHING I SAID ABOUT YOU!
STONE-AGE MAN OCCASIONALLY USED TO PONDER HIS FUTURE...
WHEN SHE FINDS OUT IT'S A HAMSTER, I WONDER IF SHE'LL STICK IT UP MY ARSE OR WILL SHE USE A BURNING LOG?

NEXT MONTH—RIGHT BOTH TIMES.



What a girl! Manuela is one hell of a gypsy fortune teller. All you need to do is cross her palm with silver and . . . well, it's not her crystal ball she cups in her hands, if you catch my drift. Fortunately, Manuela is a girl with refined tastes, I could tell by the way she took me first into her confidence and later into her house. Well, it wasn't really her house, because being a Romany and all she lives in a horse drawn caravan. In fact, the building in question was her wooden peg factory. Inside, she had her sisters whittling away. Then, she sent them off into the hills to look for sprigs of heather, whilst she and I had a cup of tea and engaged in a full and frank discussion about the art of making love in various positions as recommended by the tea-leaves!

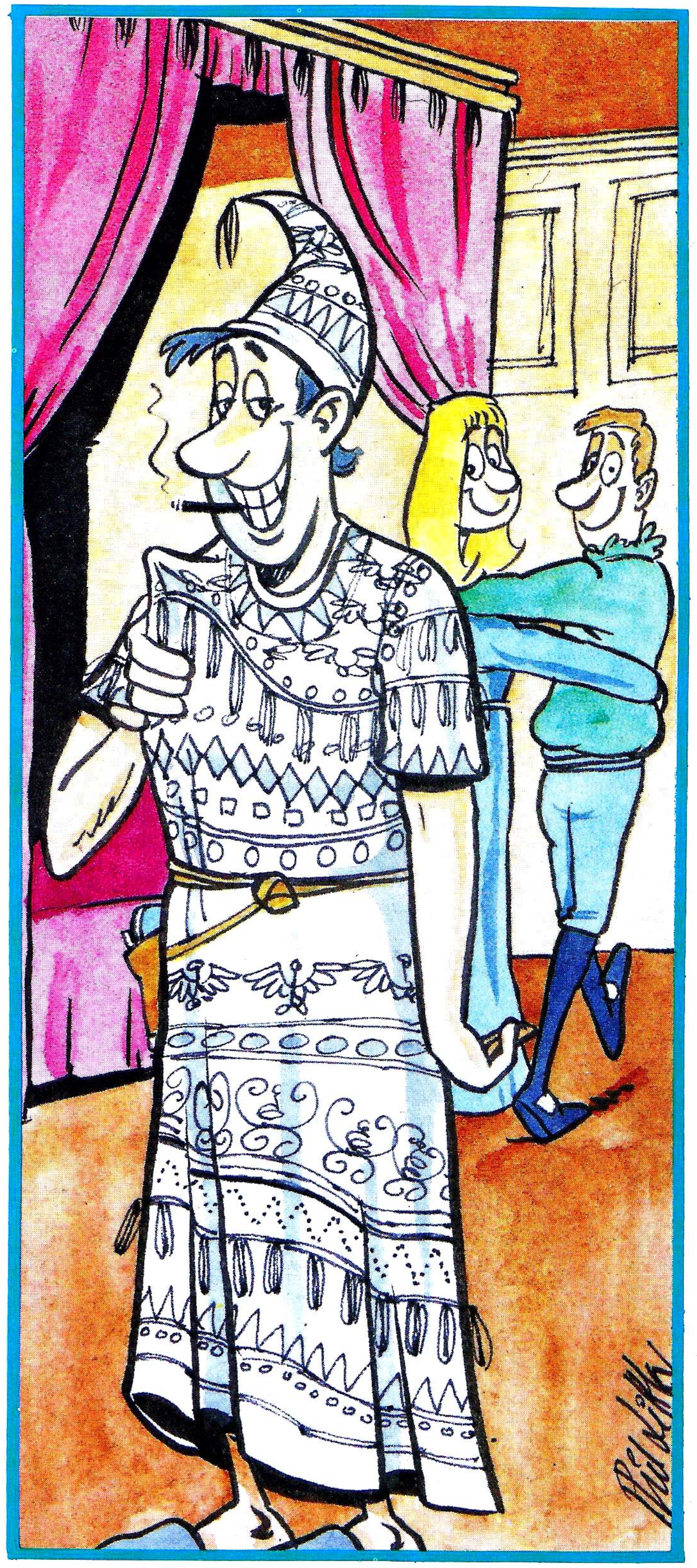
Manuèla

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAN SVENSSON

IT'S A FACT!

(OR IS IT?)

Truth, as the old saying goes, is often stranger than fiction. If you pick up a newspaper any day of the week, the chances are you'll come across at least one really bizarre story. And because the story's there, printed in black and white, you usually believe it, don't you? Or do you? DES PERROTT, our man with the scrapbook and the pot of Cow-Gum, decided to list some of his favourite silly stories and then make up some silly stories of his own. Twelve of the following tales are true, fourteen are false. Can you tell which is which? Answers at the end of this article.



1) The line that occurs most in Hollywood movie scripts is not "I love you", "I hate you" or even "I'll kill you". A study of 150 American films made between 1938 and 1974 revealed that the line "Let's get outta here" cropped up once in 84% or films and more than once in 17%.

2) One of Napoleon's brothers, Jerome Bonaparte, was the first known European to be nicknamed 'Clint'. This is believed to have been a shortened form of the French word 'clinquant', meaning tacky, tasteless or gaudy. After being made Grand Duke of Strackenz by his brother, Jerome designed all his own uniforms, which were very showy indeed. His nightshirt featured 26 yards of gold cloth with silver tassels and no less than 157 embroidered imperial eagles. His wife left him for a tailor in 1816.

3) Gavin Wright, a butcher of Gainsboro, Ohio, is 105 years old. He ascribes his longevity to never having eaten meat.

4) Geographically, Venezuela has not existed since 1958.

5) There weren't nearly as many cars about in 1895 as there are nowadays. There were only two in the whole state of Ohio. They crashed into each other.

6) The Old Testament book of Gideon contains a passage which might be interpreted as a commandment against smoking. Gideon Ch. 5 vs. 3-7 read: "And David, son of Morah didst go into the fields and take unto himself the burning weed and inhale the fumes thereof after he had lain with the wife of Pharoah. And the LORD did thereon smite fully the fifth part of his kine and spake unto him from on high. 'Didst thou not know that I created the flowers and plants of the field for the sustenance of thy belly and not the blight of thy throat.'" The Book of Gideon is not recognised by Christians or orthodox Jews, who repudiate it as a nineteenth-century forgery.

7) Czar Peter I of Russia (1672-1725) was a real oddball. Strapped for cash at one time, he decided that everyone with a beard should pay a tax of 100 roubles. On another occasion, he and his wife, the Czarine Catherine, had a blazing row and both ordered the execution of one another's lovers. They made it all up again later and lived happily ever after, each keeping the pickled head of their late lover in the royal bedchamber.

8) One of the oddest exhibits at the Great Exhibition in London in 1851 was the pigtail organ. Each key of the organ was connected to a mechanical squeezer fixed on the tail of one of a battery of pigs, each specially selected to produce a squeal of a different tone. When the organist pushed a key, the squeezer would cause a pig to

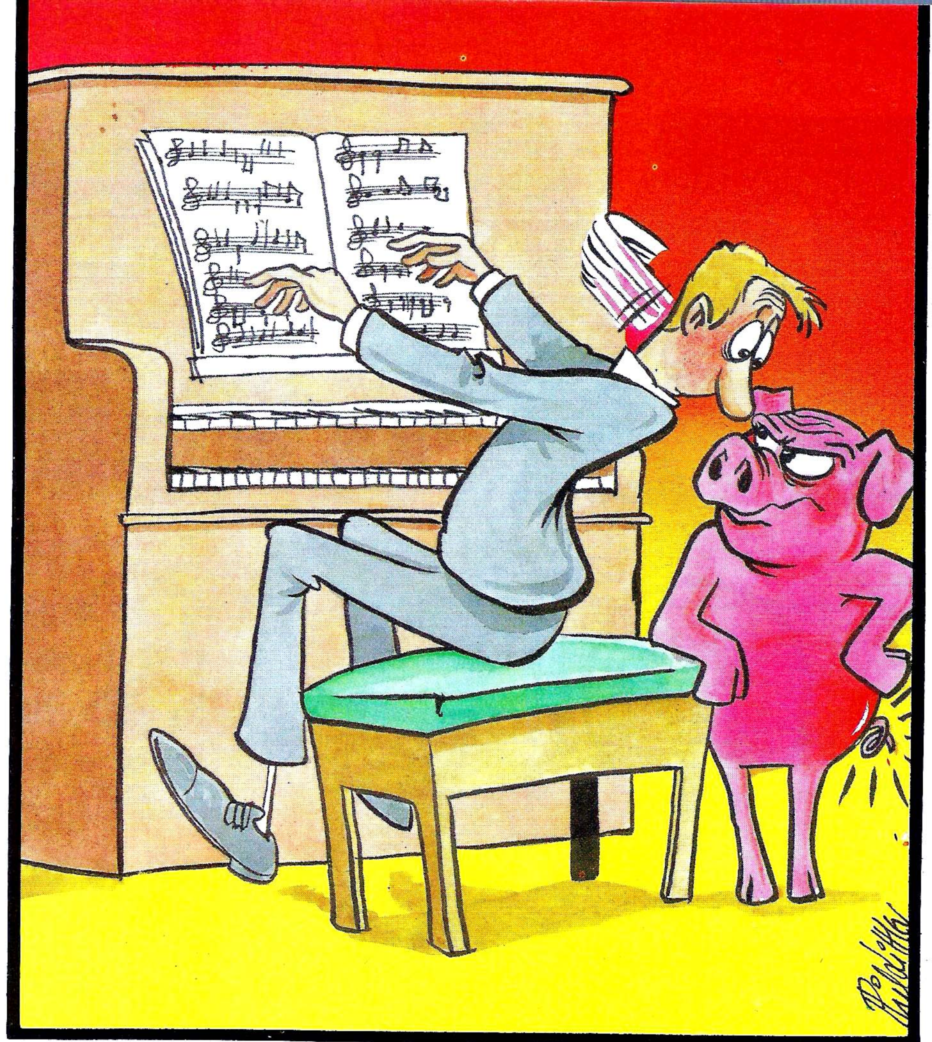
IT'S A FACT (OR IS IT?)

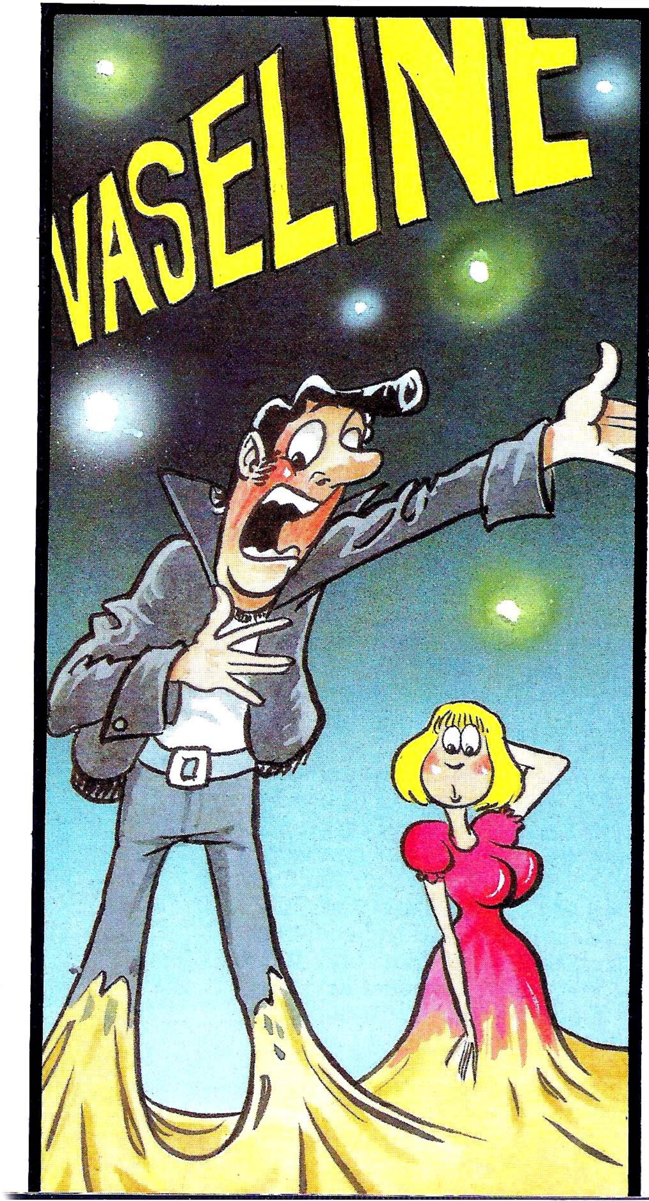
continued from previous page

squeal, and thus he could knock out quite a passable tune.

9) The painter Michelangelo also supplied condoms to the Borgia Pope Alexander VI. They were jokingly referred to by the cynical Venetian envoy to the Vatican, Niccolo Machiavelli as "His Holiness's Swiss Guards".

10) The most ambitious theatrical production in Germany during World War Two was Shakespeare's History Cycle, that is all his Henry and Richard plays run one after the other – for a play lasting almost 30 hours. The director and producer, Colonel Timothy Raleigh-Mander RA spent the years 1940-1944 rehearsing his cast of 205 at Stalag-Luft XVII in Hanover. The intention was to use the courtyard of a local castle as the set and even German troops were drafted in as extras. The whole project was called off when Henry IV (Flight Sergeant Steve Coram, RAF) and Richard III (Lt. Andrew Napthine RNVR) were killed in an American bombing raid.





11) At certain periods of the moon, due to the inverse ratio of directional cross-currents, the Niagara Falls fall upwards.

12) Distributors of the 1978 John Travolta film 'Grease' had a spot of trouble with the Spanish market. The Spanish word for 'grease' is 'grasa' but it translates literally as 'fat'. In Spain the film was titled 'Brilliantina' (Brillantine') and in Venezuela as 'Vaselina' ('Vaseline').

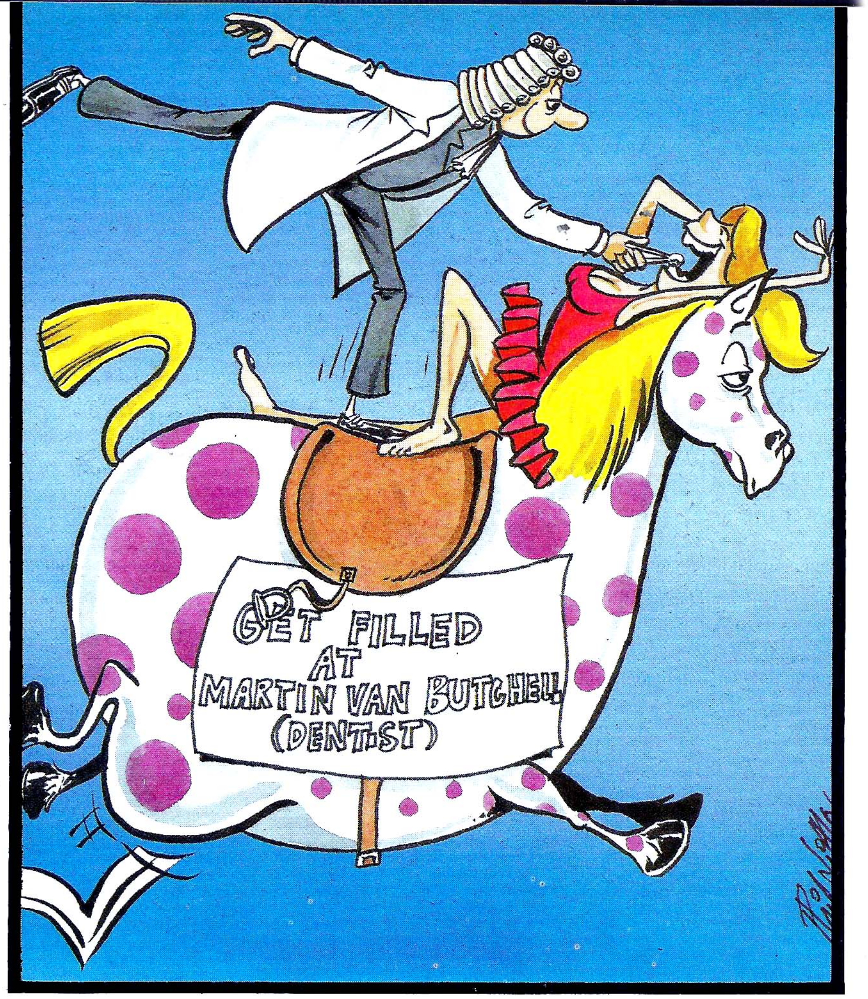
13) The first hardcore porn movie was made in 1906 by Delombre Freres of Lyons. It was titled "L'Eveque et la Danceuse" (The Bishop And The Dancer) and is now preserved in the Louvre Museum where it is only available for viewing by accredited scholars and film historians.

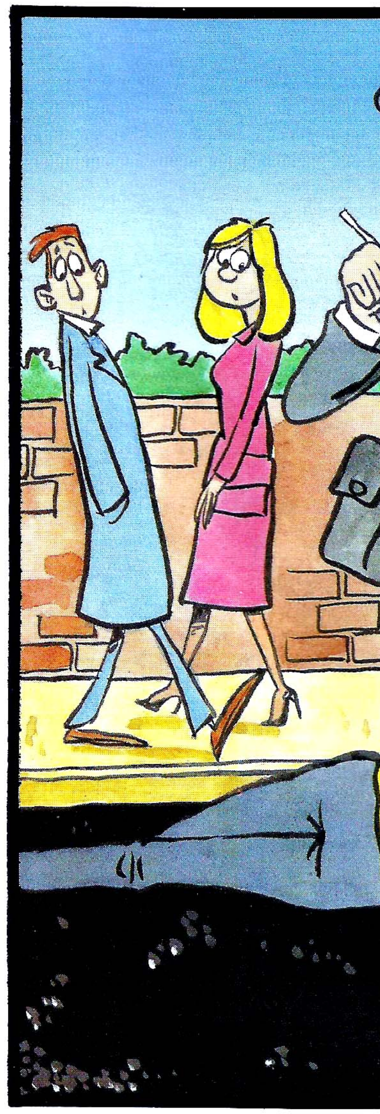
14) In late eighteenth century London a dental practicioner named Martin van Butchell had a lucrative practice as a fitter of false teeth to the rich. He went all out to publicize his service by riding around town on a white pony painted with purple spots, and by keeping the embalmed body of his deceased wife in his waiting-room.

15) Mohammed Bikhtani, a student at the University of Esfahan in Iran back in the pre-Ayatollah days, managed to steal 295 tables, 340 typewriters, 1000 desks, 1069 chairs and 27,056 paper clips from the university. After his release from prison they made him professor of criminology.

16) The Himalayan Grass Snake is not a snake at all but a small black bird. It lives in an area of Tibet where grass does not normally grow. It was so named by Sir Arthur Winstanley, the Victorian explorer, naturalist and wit who was completely blind. Its mating call sounds a bit like a snake.

17) Among the students of the University of Ohio in 1983 there was a craze for competitive tyre-biting, the idea being for each 'player' to try and bite a hole in the tyre of a parked car. The craze ended when, in the space of one day, the Ohio Central Hospital admitted eight cases of peritonitis.





18) During the Great Plague of 1665, smoking was believed to give some immunity to the disease. Pupils at Eton School, for example, far from being given six of the best if they were caught smoking, were soundly thrashed if they did *not* smoke before lessons started.

19) British film director Michael Winner, probably best-known for directing Charles Bronson's 'Death Wish' films and for his frequent appearances on 'Any Questions' began his career directing a travelogue titled 'This is Belgium'. A lot of the film was shot in East Grinstead.

20) The Russian modernist composer Ivan Arkady wrote more hours of music than the length of his life (36 years, 7 months, 3 days). He was very prolific, writing 752 operas, three of which have been partially performed in the Soviet Union. His longest work is 'The Great Patriotic War', a piano concerto which, if performed in full lasts just under four years, the precise length of Russia's involvement in World War Two. It consists of a sixty-minute sequence performed, with slight variations, over and over again. Salvador Dali proclaims Arkady to be the greatest composer of the twentieth century and has set up a trust to fund the complete recording of his work. At the present rate of progress, the complete works of

IT'S A FACT (OR IS IT?)

continued from previous page

Ivan Arkady should be available in your local record shop by 2190.

21) When multi-millionairess Mrs Wanda Stringfellow of Pasadena, California, died she left her entire fortune to her goldfish, Glugg. Three weeks after inheriting, and getting a brand new luxury fishtank, Glugg was eaten by Mr Pussums, the cat who was second in line for the inheritance. Mrs Stringfellow's children are currently contesting the will on the grounds that the cat committed murder in order to inherit.

22) If you need a lot of cash quickly, what could be easier than a spot of insurance fraud? That's what Jack Gilbert Graham of Colorado thought. He blew up his petrol station and claimed. He parked his car on a railway track, and claimed. Then he took out a big policy on his own mother, put her on a plane with (unknown to her) a suitcase full of dynamite, and claimed. As did many of the relatives of the 44 other people who were killed. He was sent to the electric chair in 1957.

23) Mr Dougal Templeton of Bristol, now a teetotaller after being a registered alcoholic for 27 years, is believed to have the world's largest collection of beer-bottle tops. Since his collection takes up quite a lot of room, he has been forced to live, sleep and cook in the small bathroom of his council house. He keeps his pile of 'swaps' under a tarpaulin in the garden. Though his collection has never been counted, Mr Templeton's social worker calculated that he has over five million. He is delighted to show his collection to casual visitors.

24) Robert Farrow of Manchester, heir to the Farrow abbatoir fortune, survived the wreck of the Titanic in 1912 because he was a trasvestite. When the iceberg hit and the order "Women and children first!" was given, he went down to his cabin and put on a floor-length gown (modelled on one popularized by Queen Mary), a mink stole and his lifejacket. His subterfuge was discovered when he was hauled from the water by rescuers. He was subsequently expelled from all three of his Mayfair Clubs, disinherited and shot himself in 1914.

25) When the Huns decided to sack Rome in August, 410 AD, they more or less finished off a great civilization. The silver lining to the cloud was, of course, in the fact that they introduced trousers to Europe.

26) Dr. Richard Mould, in his book *Mould's Medical Anecdotes* devotes a section to a series of stories about that old favourite, people who are admitted to hospitals with strange things stuck up their bottoms. In Westminster Medical School museum, he tells us, there is an oven door handle with with a label that reads: "An unmarried man of 42 admitted that the introduction of the handle was intended to produce an erotic sensation." Mould also tells of surgeons having to extract such diverse objects as a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup with a condom attached, an economy-size can of Heinz Baked Beans and even a Bofors anti-aircraft shell.

ANSWERS

1) True.

2) False.

3) Utter nonsense.

4) Complete balderdash.

5) True.

6) Absolute hogwash.

7) True.

8) True again.

9) Rubbish. Remember that the Vatican disapproves of contraception.

10) Wrong again. No director worth his salt would let a little thing like two of his principal actors being killed stop the show from going on. As it was, though, the whole story is made up.

11) Now that really is bullshit.

12) True.

13) False.

14) True, though sometimes he painted black spots instead of purple.

15) True. Crazy people, these Iranians.

16) You didn't seriously believe that one, did you?

17) False. And we wouldn't recommend you ever try it at home, kids!

18) True.

19) True.

20) False.

21) False, though it has a ring of credibility to it, don't you think?

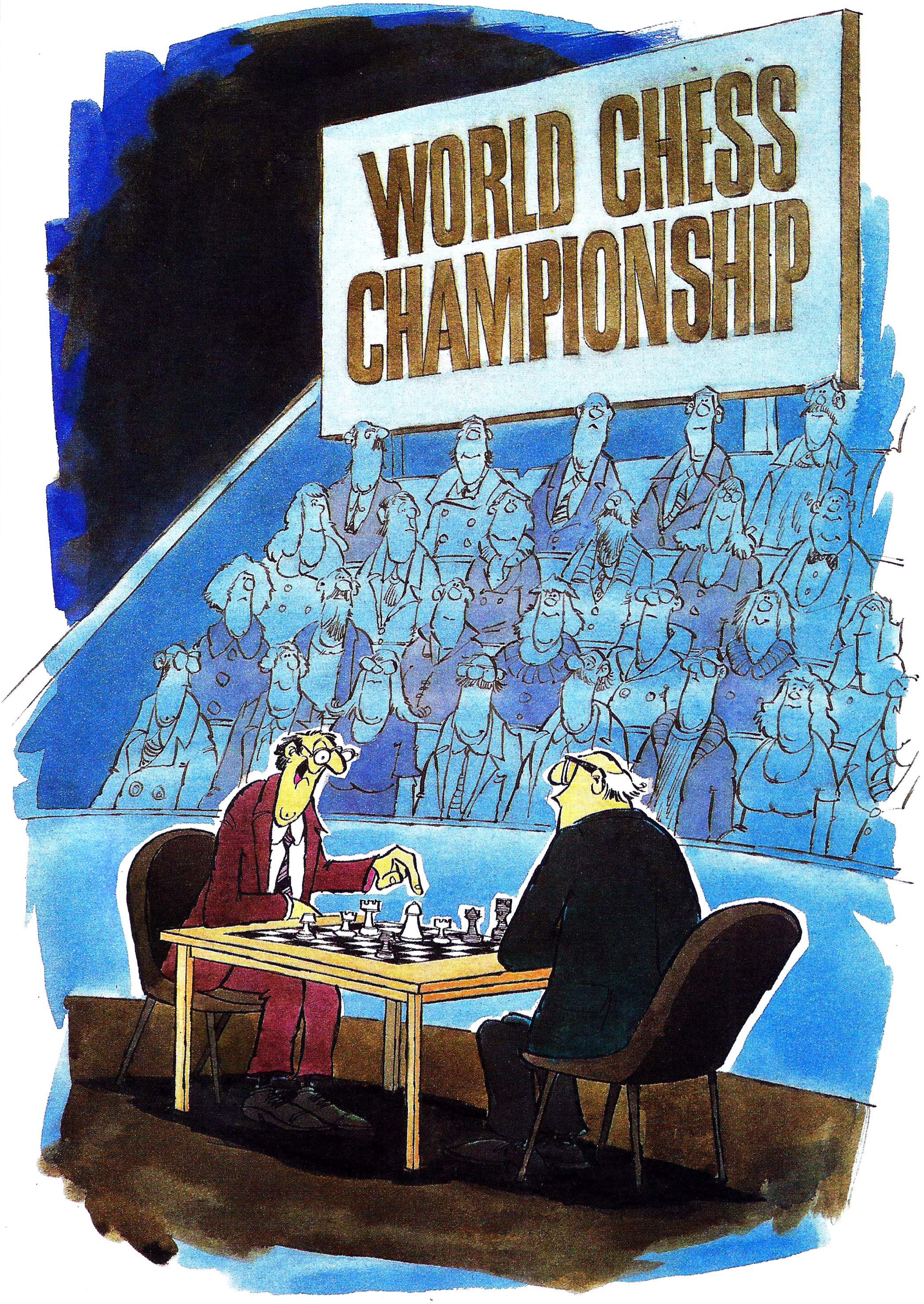
22) True, unfortunately. Some people will stop at nothing.

23) False.

24) False.

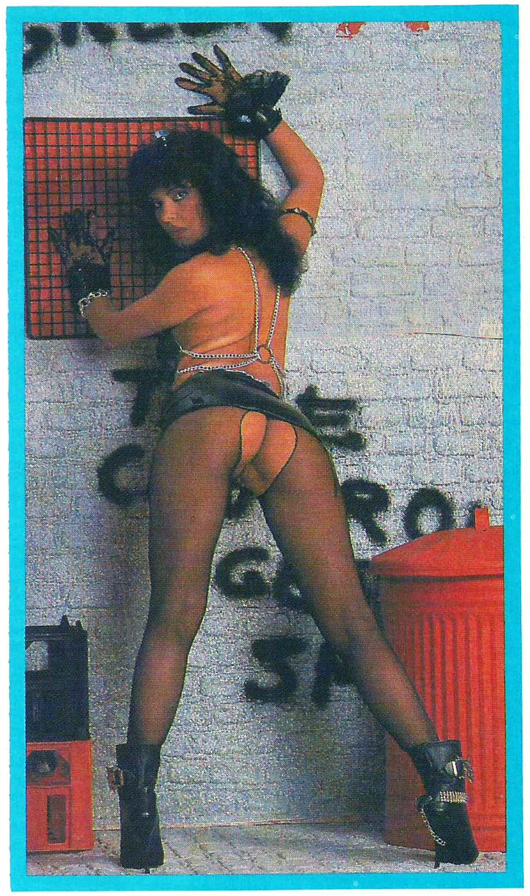
25) True, or should I say, trew, ha-ha!

26) True.

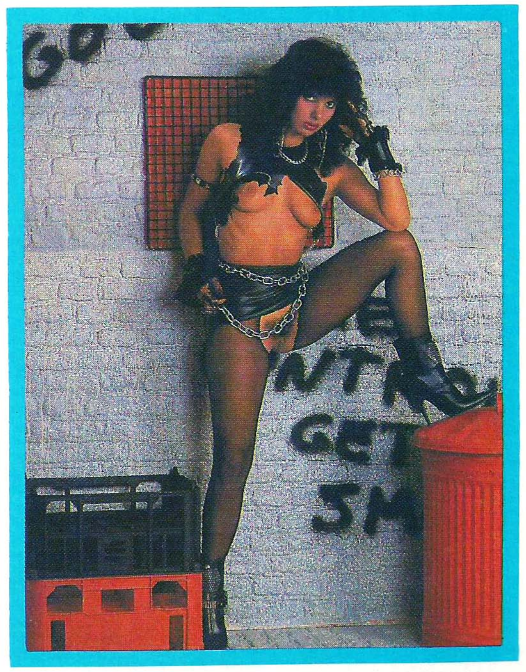


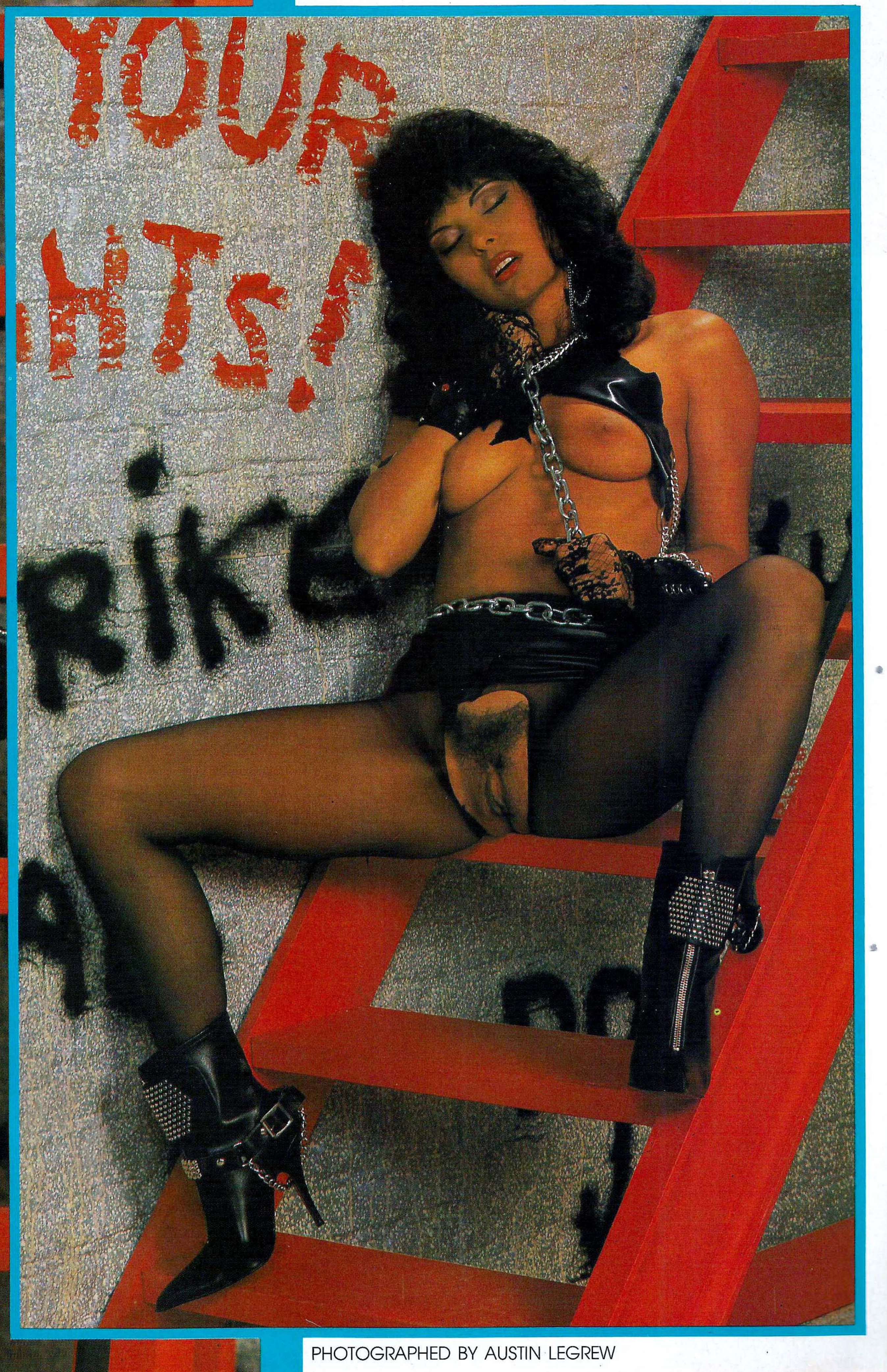
"I can't help thinking that this bishop thingy looks just like my willy."

Shivani



Shivani is one of those girls we like to get between the pages as often as we can. She's guaranteed to whip up a flurry of letters from drooling readers who feel the need to express in graphic, anatomical terms the effect that Shivani has on them. This is perfectly understandable and healthy – even if some of the letters aren't.



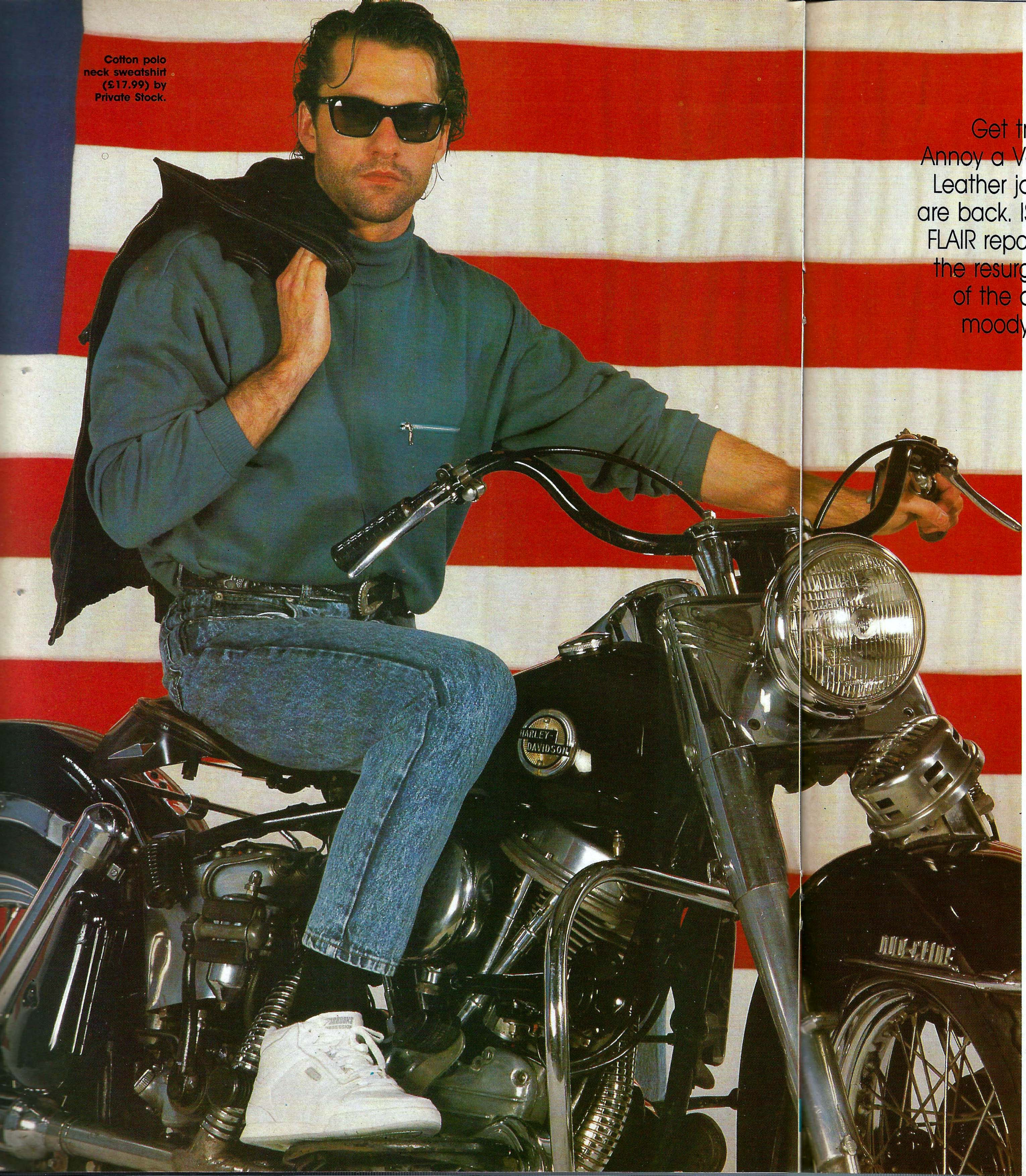


PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW

And so to the concept behind the pictures, the theme no less. Well, we decided to do a straw poll amongst the male members of the staff and incorporate all their various fetishes into the finished product. The lace products were the Assistant Editor's baby as were the chains. The Editor is the man responsible for the boots and torn clothes. The Art Editor contributed the graffiti and ladders.

Shivani

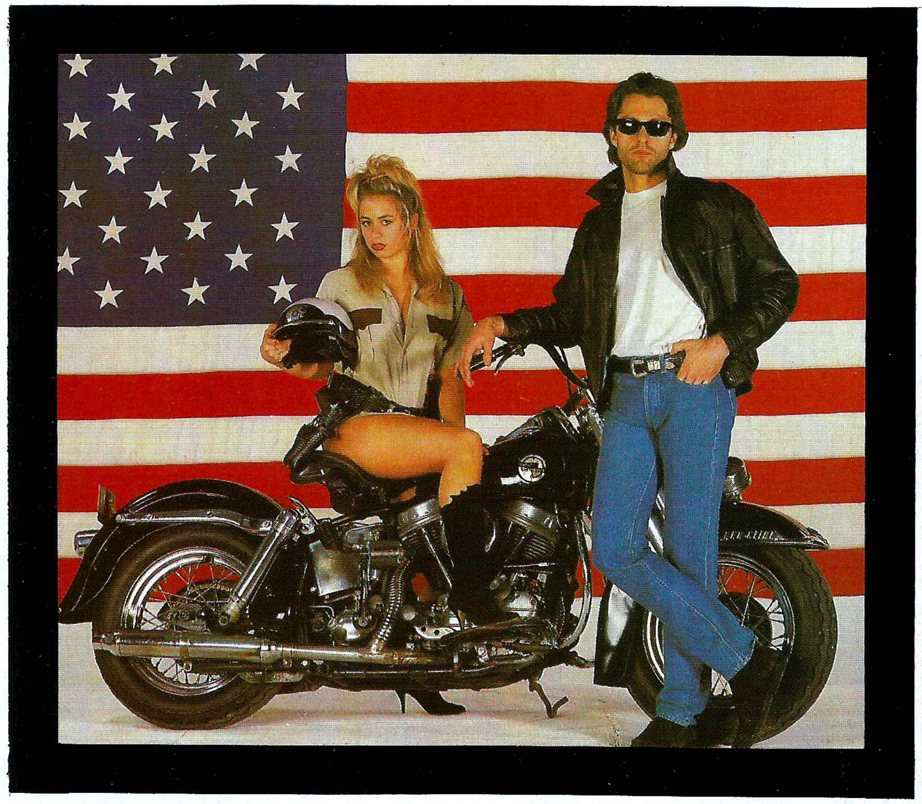
KNAVE



Cotton polo neck sweatshirt (£17.99) by Private Stock.

FASHION

Get trendy. Annoy a Vegan. Leather jackets are back. ISOBEL FLAIR reports on the resurgence of the classic moody look.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE HACKER

Classic black leather blouson (£129.99) worn in the best James Dean tradition with a white cotton T-shirt (£3.99) and Levi's 501 jeans (£29.99), all from branches of Top Man.

Leather — the stuff that heroes are made of — or at least dressed in. I mean, can we ever forget *that* poster of James Dean, the one still gracing a million adolescent bedroom walls? It's the ultimate in mean and moody images and one that will never go out of style. And it's that old, battered well-worn leather jacket which speaks volumes and has been copied countless times since. It's a classic.

Alternatively, come forward in time to the hit film of this year, *Top Gun*, which has done more for leather jackets than Princess Di has for seamed stockings and Jasper Conran put together. Leatherwear manufacturer Gavin Brown, who jumped quickly onto the film's bandwagon, is rather proud of the fact that his 'Top Gun' showroom window was broken into the day it was set up. And retailers up and down the country have been quick to pick up on the popularity of the trend that Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis model so beautifully.

So, to summarize, what we are *not* talking about here is poncy leather! Forget the Sue Ellen shoulder pads boys, forget the multi zips, fake leopard trims, rhinestones and fringes and *definitely* forget those nasty spray-on leather trousers. The best leather jackets are simple, classic and slightly grizzled looking, worn in close loving harmony with your favourite pair of jeans and a no-nonsense T-shirt, polo shirt or polo neck sweater.

And while black remains everyone's all-time favourite for leather, the fashion pundits are moving towards various shades of brown. The old look is achieved by 'buffing', a treatment which is the successor to 'distressing' seen a few years ago. It's a much more subtle and sophisticated look that gives the leather a wonderfully soft feel.

But, be warned, there's a lot of cheap, tacky leather about, so it's probably worth splurging out just a little bit more for something that you'll be happy to wear for years.

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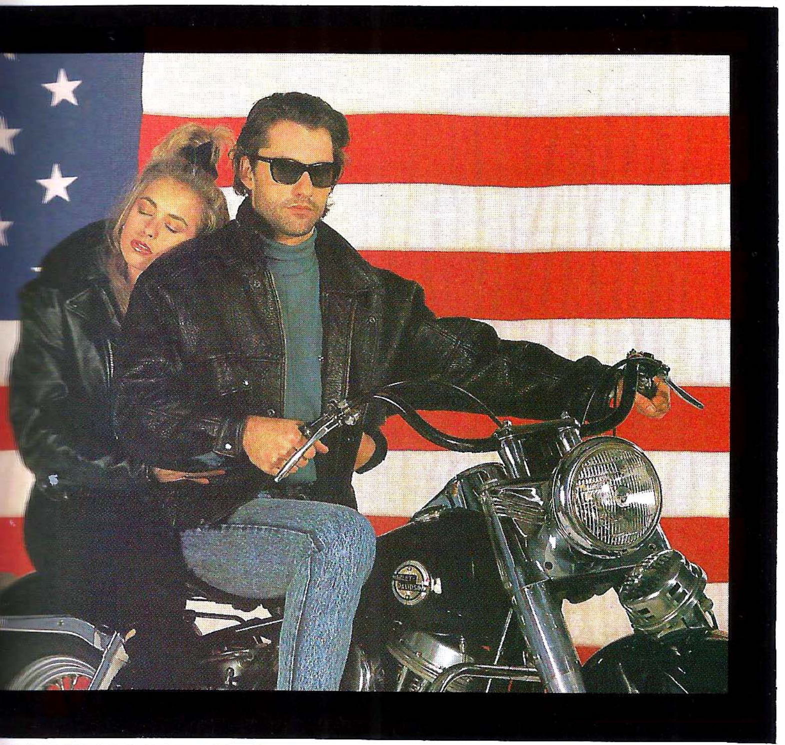
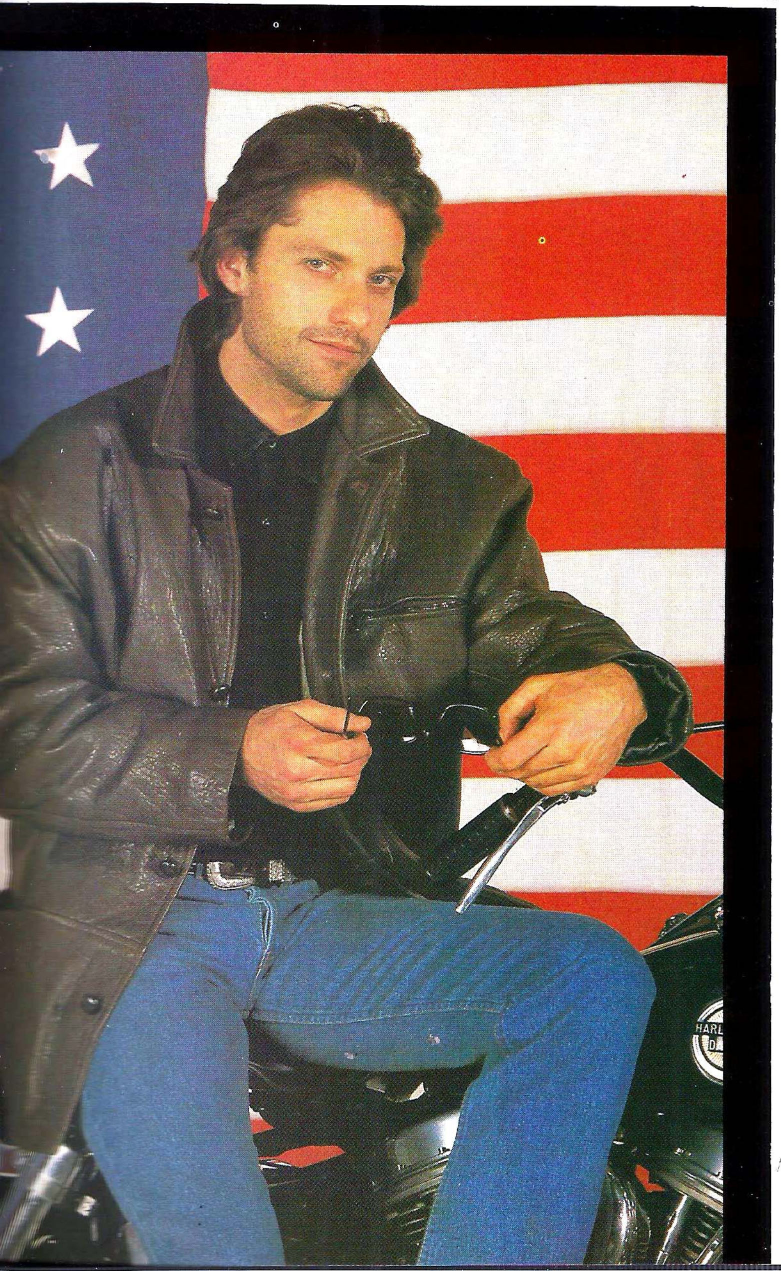


Extremely Macho black leather jacket (£250) by Private Stock.



Long line textured 'Drive' leather jacket (£315) by Turner from Sprint, London; Boardwalk, Barnsley; Gilmours, Glasgow.

Soft and roomy nappa jacket (£340) by the General Leather Company, from their own shop in London W1 and Bernard, Esher.

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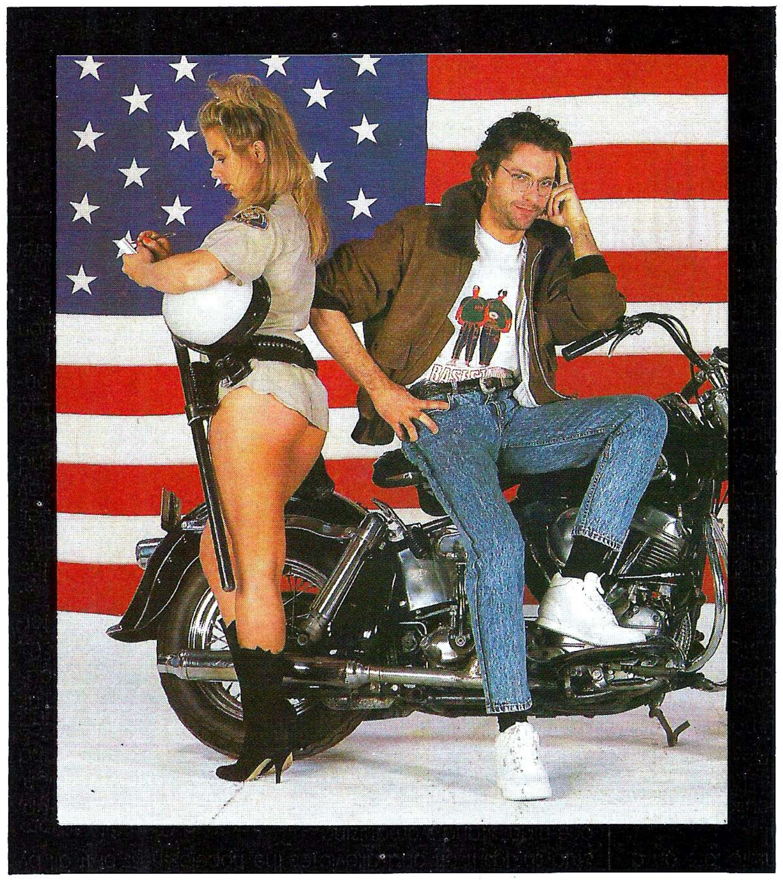
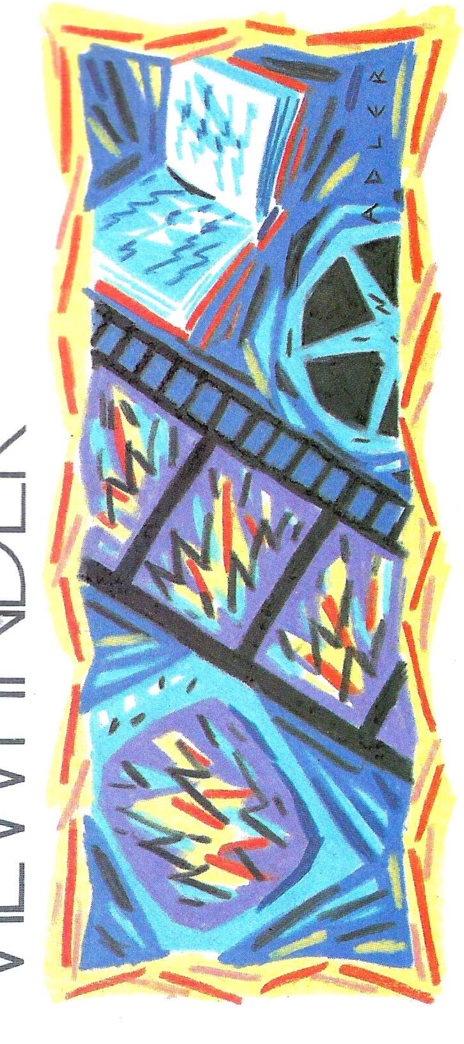


A variation on the flying jacket. This buffed leather jacket with fur collar (£295) by Gavin Brown from Danny's, London W1; Coles Menswear, London; Select Leathers, Bishop Stortford; Zipper, Ilkey and D'Artagnan, Chichester. Worn with a white baseball T-shirt (£4.99) from Top Man and distressed jeans by Easy (£29.99) from Top Man.

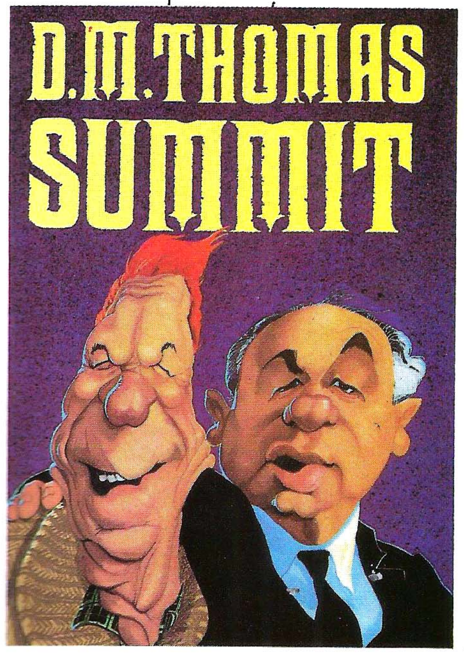
Cropped 'Biker' jacket (£250), by Turner; stockists as above.

Eat your heart out Tom Cruise! Black leather blouson with badges (£295) by Gavin Brown. Stockists as before.

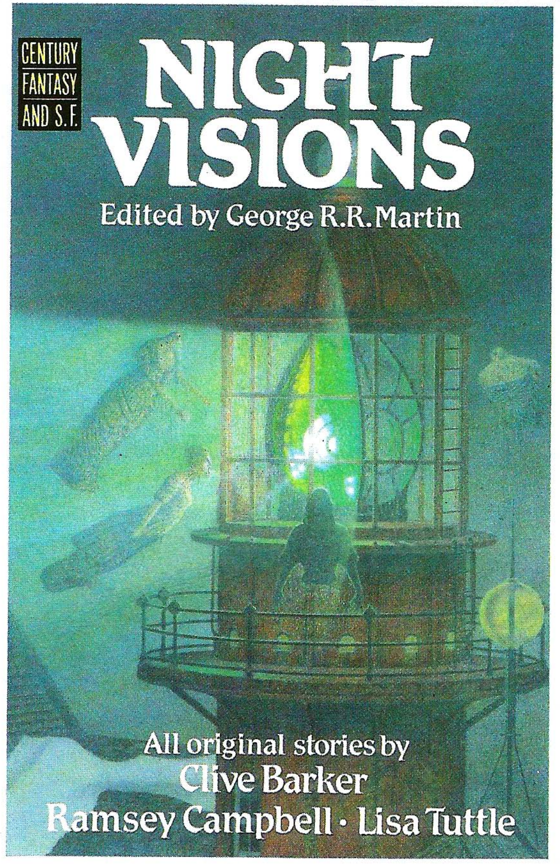


Books

D.M. Thomas's **Summit** *(Gollancz, £9.95)* is the story of President O'Reilly and his Russian opposite number, Gorbichov. It's a broad farce about a serious subject. O'Reilly, an ex-film actor, with a love of bondage and domination, screws up a press interview about the pornographic photos of the First Lady that have recently surfaced. (This is after the address to the American People where he 'sets the record straight' about wanting to stroke Irma's hot little pussy.) He needs to succeed in the Swiss summit talks with the Russian leader. But why is he trying to unload contraceptive coils on the Russian people? And will the First ladies, Wanda and Larissa, get what they need out of all this?



Book Of The Month



Clive Barker, Lisa Tuttle, Ramsey Campbell: three of the very best horror writers in the world. All of them very different. **Night Visions** *(Century, £11.95)* shows just how good they are, and how diverse. And it's book of the month for that reason. Three viewpoints and visions for the price of one.

Ramsey Campbell gives us endless forests, trains that crash for ever, wicked grandmothers and more: seven short stories' worth. Campbell's stories build up a horribly accurate feeling of urban paranoia. His stories rely on their people being believable, on cities that simply don't care, on the dreams and nightmares and fears that accumulate in the latter half of the twentieth century. There's no stalk and slash here, no blood, sometimes no 'fantastic' horror either. Just an unsettling feeling that can last for days . . .

Lisa Tuttle's three novellas are a different matter entirely. Dark fantasies rather than horror stories, of women and their relationship with darkness. A woman dreams of riding a nightmare that brings death and miscarriage to those she hates; another becomes addicted to death; a third is obsessed by dragons, and with the missing portions of her past. Beautifully crafted, magical stories all.

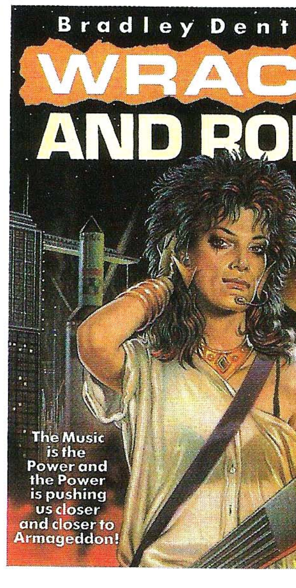
Finally Clive Barker, (interviewed by Stephen Jones a few months ago), his 98 page story, 'The Hellbound Heart', is the basis for his recent film, *Hellraiser.* And for those who, up until now have missed the blood, the monsters leaping out of darkened rooms, the Old Dark House With A Terrible Secret: here they all are, as a love story collides with a ghost story and rollercoasters you off into the night.

Barker is the most pyrotechnic of the three, without a doubt. But Campbell's unique world-vision and Tuttle's portraits of women coming to terms with the unreal, are quietly excellent. The whole volume takes you for a ghost-train ride around British horror that you'll never manage to forget.

W.C. Gull

Summit is a very funny book: it's both terrifying and reassuring to realize that the World Leaders are as fallible as the rest of us mortals. And while Thomas's President O'Reilly seems to owe as much to the Spitting Image puppet as to Reagan himself, that's no bad thing. Good caricature often tells you more about the real thing than a photograph ever could.

Can anybody really be called Bradley Denton? Assuming they can, they (or rather, he) has just written an enjoyable first novel, **Wrack And Roll** *(Headline, £3.50).* Set in an alternate world in which America took Russia by the end of WW2, in which Bitch Alice, superstar, died on the moon and her followers destroyed Dallas and finished off the space programme. Twenty years later her daughter, the Bastard Child, and her band, Blunt Instrument are going (as the old blurbs used to say) to 'Save the World – Or Destroy It!' Fun and punky, if occasionally a little wearing.


Bradley Denton
WRACK AND ROLL
The Music is the Power and the Power is pushing us closer and closer to Armageddon!

Travels In Hyper-reality is Umberto Eco's complete survey of the world, and I'm fairly sure he's got everything in there. Superman, 'Casablanca', Wax Museums, Charlie Manson, Woody Allen, the World Cup, the need for terrorism in the terrorist model of the world, the Middle Ages, the paintings of Frank Fraetta . . . all of these are alluded to in his studies of today. Supremely reasonable, funny, and frighteningly sharp, as one would expect from the author of *The Name of the Rose.* This book is worth reading. You'll learn something. Promise.

Short (a little over a hundred pages) and sweet is **Sexplicitly Yours** subtitled 'The Trial of Cynthia Payne', by Gloria Walker and Lynn Daly. *(Penguin, £1.95).* In last year's trial, as you may remember, Ms Payne was acquitted of controlling prostitutes. Here we find the details of the trial: evidence from transvestites, from policemen, from transvestite policemen, from hookers and finally from Madame Cyn herself give us a misleading case well worthy of A.P. Herbert. Comments from the Judge give a bizarre flavour to the piece. When told that a hooker's bag contained a packet of pantie liners, some pessaries, a wooden bead necklace and some birth control pills he commented: "It's notorious that judges have always led sheltered lives, but I cannot, for the moment, see the significance of the bead necklace."

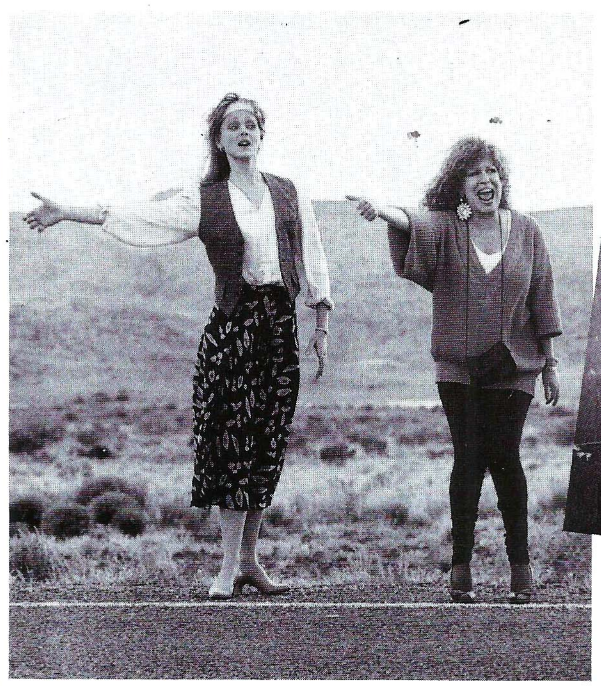
Frank Miller's **Ronin** *(Titan, £8.95)* is a hefty volume, telling the story of a *samura* reincarnated in 21st century New York. It's a gallimaufry of elements, of supercomputers and green plastic robots, of the scum in the undercity, of warriors and demons and ultraviolence. You can see the obsessions that fed directly into *Dark Knight* and *Elektra: Assassin.* There's a lot of Moebus in the SF bits, a lot of 'Lone Wolf and Cub' (a top Japanese comic) in the *samurai* bits, a bit of a hodgepodge, perhaps, but a great deal of fun. Pity that the paper quality isn't better.

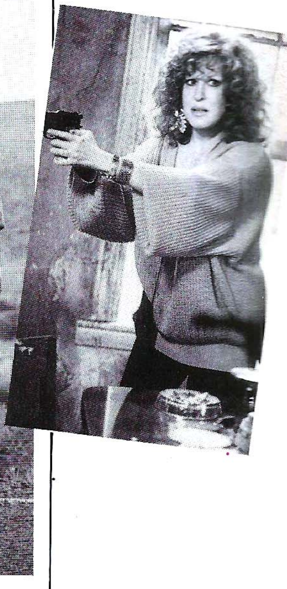
Lisa Tuttle has already been mentioned once in this column. It's worth mentioning her twice, for her collection **A Spaceship Built Of Stone** *(Women's Press, £4.50)* is one of the best collections of stories I've seen in ages. Haunting, exotic stories of humans and aliens, men and women. The best stories like 'The Bone Flute' and 'The Other Kind', are unforgettable, while the title story is at the same lighthearted and heartbreaking. Highly recommended.

Finally, **Inspecting The Vaults** by Eric McCormack. *(Penguin Short Fiction – Viking, £9.95).* Magic and macabre: if you can imagine Jorge Luis Borges writing with the good-humoured unblinking nastiness of Iain Banks you can start to get an idea of what the best of these stories are like. Elliptical tales of imprisonment, of old men, of dreams. Incredibly impressive. Kids, be the first on your block to have heard of Eric McCormack . . .

W.C. Gull

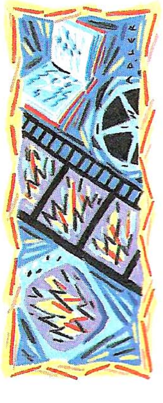
Movies



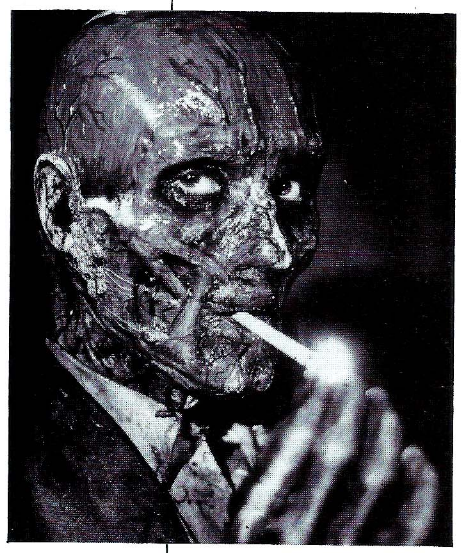


Outrageous Fortune stars Bette Midler. It reminded me how I yearn for a film starring her and Woody Allen together. As the Hardy and Laurel of the sexual act. This will do very well to be getting along with meanwhile. She plays a porno film star striving to go legit, and somehow her acting lessons get her all tangled up in a threesome with Peter Coyote and Shelley Long, *and* the CIA and the KGB. Her raunchy talkee-talk is raw music to my old lugholes. Irritated by somebody, she enquires, "Does the phrase needledick or bugfucker mean anything to you?" When her lover gets blown to smithereens by a terrorist bomb, she can still identify him by his prick. When a tough witness won't give Shelley the info, she suggests, "How about a blow job? The two of us together? Taking turns." (Eat your heart out, Philip Marlow). The non-gross-out gags are almost as funny. Well, most of them.

Rita, Sue And Bob Too also suggests that raunchy women rule okay. Rita and Sue are schoolgirls, trapped on a desolate housing estate in Bradford. Bob is the married man they share. usually Sue gets his first, and best, screw, a three-minute job, and Rita has to make do with his 60-second follow-up. Soon the argy-bargy ricochets around parents, spouses, teachers, neighbours. Often this film is wonderfully true, funny and sad, but it also overdoes the fecklessness and idiocy and misery of it all. Then it's not so much a kitchen-sink film, more a blocked-toilets film.



Even in **Hellraiser**, female libido rules the roost. The lady starts with a few wet daydreams, and soon the attic is a regular zoo of damned souls, living dead and feuding demons. Picturesque creatures too. Some look like extraterrestrial pigs in punk clothing. Some have a human head at each end, the extra head being down by the lower belly and way out in front, where it rears up like a colossal phallus, but with bug eyes and snapping-turtle teeth. A rival species begins as a mere blob of jelly on the floorboards, but when well watered with human blood, it resumes human shape, adding layer upon layer from the gristle out. All in all, a heady brew of gore, slime, tit and spoof.



Eddie Hartley

Movie Of The Month

The Witches Of Eastwick are not the cat-and-broomstick hags of yore. They're a trio of small-town girls, smart but bored: a music teacher (Susan Sarandon), a reporter (Michelle Pfeiffer), a sculptress of knick-knacks (Cher). One fine day it dawns on them that whenever they synchronize their wishes for something, it happens. Their third wish is for, what else - a man. And lo and behold, along cometh one. An eccentric millionaire, played by Jack Nicholson, on the tippety-top of his rascally, obscenely smirking, devilish form. Devilish being the operative word. He's a horny little devil in disguise, and winds his way into the women, by suiting all their fantasies and ideas. Which make the *Playboy* philosophy look as sentimental as lace-trimmed pantaloons. I've culled a few samples of his hard-edge wit and wisdom. "Marriage is good for husbands, bad for wives. It smothers them. Husband complains that he's fucking a dead person, when he's the one who killed them. Whereas they bloom after the three d's – death, divorce, desertion." – "Woman is a hole with all the futility of the world running into it." (A good message for a T-shirt, that). – "Life is full of men running around putting their dicks into things, but it's women who have the power." With a lover like that, the lady's not only for screwing, she recommends him to all her friends. "He's got the most amazing penis, it bends the wrong way." Which wormy detail forwarns us that he's not just the answer to a spinster's prayer. In fact Hell's greatest grievance against Heaven is that God created Woman. "Ungrateful little bitches! When we make mistakes they call it Evil, when God makes mistakes they call it Nature! We've got to protect ourselves against woman! Invent a vaccine! Build up our immune systems! Twenty push ups a day, and you never have to be afflicted with women again!" Hmm, he has my sympathy, but then again, if there weren't any women, we couldn't have bright, rich, rude, hilarious comedies like *The Witches of Eastwick.*

Eddie Hartley

Angel Heart, Alan Parker's rambling adaptation of William Hjortsberg's acclaimed novel *Falling Angel*, turns out to be an honourable attempt to blend the classic *film noir* plot with supernatural horror. Unfortunately, the result is bogged down by a slow, simplistic narrative and a painfully obvious 'twist' ending. Yet despite these problems (and the film's much-heralded clashes with the American censor over its steamy sex scene), *Angel Heart* has much to recommend it: Mickey Rourke adds yet another memorable portrayal to his burgeoning repertoire as a down-at-heel private investigator, Harry Angel, hired by Robert De Niro's sinister Louis Cyphre (try saying it quickly) to track down a missing singer who returned from World War II suffering from amnesia. The clues lead from New York to New Orleans as Harry becomes trapped in a nightmare puzzle of offbeat suspects and voodoo magic.

Before long, everyone he's questioned start turning up dead, the victims of bizarre ritual killings. As Harry gets closer to his quarry so he becomes the unwilling catalyst to solving the mystery and revealing the true identity of Cyphre. The performances are exemplary, although Charlotte Rampling is somewhat wasted in a pointless cameo, and the superb photography atmospherically captures the New Orleans locations, imbuing them with an undercurrent of age-old antiquity and evil. The highly-publicised sexual encounter between Rourke and Lisa Bonet is a justifiably horrific and erotic sequence, however a particularly gruesome murder – blatantly telegrapned throughout the film – is missing from the British print.

Angel Heart has great moments of power and beauty, but it also has a linear storyline which will give away the ending to anyone with even a modicum of intelligence.

After sitting on the shelf for three years, **The Adventures Of Buckaroo Banzai Across The 8th Dimension** has finally been given some kind of release. Quirky scriptwriter W.D. Richter (Frank Langella's version of *Dracula;* John Carpenter's *Big Trouble In Little China* etc.) makes his directing debut with this disappointing attempt to create an instant cult character for the hip 1980's (The end credits promise *Buckaroo Banzai Against The World Crime League*, but it has yet to appear).

Peter Weller gives a likeable performance as the neurosurgeon/physicist/rock musician and all-round mental and physical superman of the title, who invents a high-speed Jet Car which enables him to travel straight through a mountain and into the mysterious 8th Dimension.

However, this act sets in motion a series of cataclysmic events which culminate in a battle between two rival groups of aliens (the goodies look like spaced-out Rastafarians), with the survival of Earth as the ultimate prize.

The supporting cast includes a number of now well-known names, including Jeff Goldblum, Lewis Smith and Clancy Brown as members of Buckaroo's support team, The Hong Kong Cavaliers, and John Lithgow as a wonderfully manic evil scientist.

Buckaroo Banzai has a lot going for it, including some nicely offbeat humour (there's a neat gag involving Orson Welles' 1938 radio broadcast of *War Of The Worlds*) and impressive special effects; but the film tries too hard to be an overnight classic. Unfortunately, Richter just can't pull it off.

Stephen Jones

Videos

Scenario: this large menacing bloke with a growly voice and wearing a black helmet is cruising round the galaxy trying to find a princess and some radio transmissions which she has probably hidden in a droid that looks like an industrial vacuum cleaner.

Sound familiar? But no, it's not *Star Wars*, and nor is the stellar menace Darth Vader. He's called Lord Buckethead, you see him pick up all of 131 votes at Finchley in the general election, and the video – like his party – is called **Gremloids** *(Showchannel).*

Then it becomes notice-

Lord B and his Gremloid cronies (if you ask me, they're dwarves in remaindered duffel coats) land in exactly the right place on a planet's surface. Sadly, it's the wrong planet – Earth, of course.

They're after Princess Serena and her transmissions at the local garage. They try interrogating a vacuum cleaner, threaten a few people and then kidnap the non-princess and a wimpish pest-control operative who has wandered into the garage (and possibly the movie) by mistake.

Spoofing up just about every space SF movie you can think of, to *Star Wars* via *The Day The Earth Stood Still* and *War of the Worlds, Gremloids* blunders its way from scrape to scrape to a final shoot-out with the National Guard.

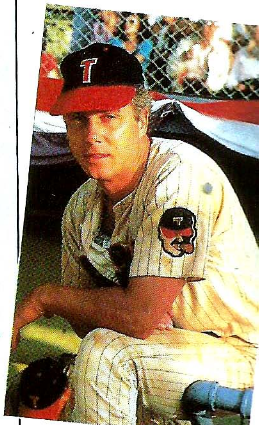
Especially funny are the scenes in which a cow zapped by Buckethead is given a hysterically emotional funeral service in church, complete with enormous coffin, and the one where farmer and scientist are examining the dead animal's laser wound and the boffin surmises it was caused by aliens. "Or maybe squirrels, you think?" responds the farmer.

Gremloids is tacky right down to Lord Buckethead's black glossed cricket pads (Kerry Packer surplus, one presumes) but it's all so completely silly that one can't help cracking up. Definitely a tape for downing a few cans to late on a Saturday night.

Equally peculiar is **Pink Chiquitas** (on RCA/Columbia's new *Hi-Pressure* label) which stars Rambo's brother Frank Stallone as America's 'greatest private eye' Tony Mareda . . . Junior. Frank not only shares Sly's looks, he also demonstrates a family resemblance in depth of acting talent. Hmmm . . .

Fleeing henchmen sent after him by Mexican Mafioso Don Enchilada, Marada just happens to be passing through a small mid-west town when a pink meteorite lands nearby. The local lads who go off looking for the shooting star end up either dead or in a state of shock.

Video Of The Month



It's not going to be one of the year's 'blockbuster' titles, it's not packed with action, blood, guts, tits or bums, but I liked *Guild Home Video's* **Stogies** so much that I bought the company. Er, strike that. So much that I'm making it the month's top title.

The Tampico Stogies are a rather unsuccessful baseball team. They're pros, but somewhat in the mould of a British non-league football club.

The team is led by player-manager Stud Cantrall (William Peterson from *To Live And Die In LA*), once tipped for the big-league's dizzy heights before picking up shrapnel on military service.

The team's owners take a perverse delight in knocking their boys and making sure everyone knows they'd be on the scrap heap but for Buchanan and son's munificence. Stud shrugs it off and alleviates the hopelessness of it all by one-night-stand womanizing.

Things look up when his 'Miss Strawberry Blossom' pick-up, Dixie Lee Box, decides one night might not be enough. Then a promising kid with fielding talent asks for a trial and shapes up; and finally the Stogies are referred to an ace catcher and slugger called Joe Louis Brown. You'd think they could have guessed it from the name, but the lads are stunned to discover that Brown's black. It's the late 50s, and the league is set deep in the heart of Ku Klux Klan territory . . .

Finding a novel way of passing Joe off as Hispanic, the team hits a winning streak and is within sight of the championship. Meanwhile the new boy Jamie has gotten himself in some girl trouble. He and equally religious girlfriend pray like crazy when the urges strike, but randiness wins out and the result is a very much unplanned pregnancy.

But the race and sex problems look minor compared to a bribery and blackmail attempt to stop the Stogies winning the league.

Very, very funny, quite exciting, balanced to perfection and you don't even need to understand baseball. Just a thoroughly nice movie.

Martyn Lester

able that whenever women hear the sound made by the meteorite and its fragments they start to come on randy and take their clothes off (it's only 15-rated so don't get worked up expecting major quantities of smut), and it transpires that the local gals are turning into Amazons – the men in shock have in fact been shagged senseless.

Can our private dick, between blasting away the Mexican mobsters leaping at him from behind every prop, get to the bottom of it and save the world from a tyranny of insatiable lovelies? Does the public even want him to I hear you ask?

Decidedly odd, and a trifle hit and miss, but if you've a few pints inside you if surely has to be seen for the curiosity value of the Stallone brother that Sylvester's better than!

If daft, campus-ish comedies are to your taste, then you may want to take a peek at *RCA/Columbia's* main label title **Stewardess School**.

Philo Henderson has a life's ambition of being a pilot. He and friend George are checked out by pilot's school, but Greg hasn't let on that he suffers from 'binocular stigmatism' – which means that he ought to wear glasses like the bottoms of Newcastle Brown bottles – and when his contact lenses fall out it spells disaster on the flight deck.

Greg thinks life is at an end after they're drummed out, but George has a brainwave to get them back in the air – Stewardess School. At the very dubious Wiedermeyer Academy they pal up with a regular collection of misfits: there's an ex-hooker on probation who finds it hard to kick old habits, a cack-handed symphony orchestra drummer, a female wrestler, a goody-goody who wants to be the third generation of hostesses in her family, a rich punkette, a camp gay and a girl so fat she only gets through the medical because the hooker has just given the doctor an exhausting time.

Head teacher 'Ironpants' Grummet wants to fail these oddballs to keep the success rate credible, but when Stromboli airlines owns up to being desperate for a crack flight crew so they can pass an in-flight inspection and stay solvent, the academy swiftly flogs them their 'star graduates'.

Can the gang come good in the face of a passenger on a bad LSD trip, a psychopath with a bomb and a flight deck crew gassed unconscious?

A cross between *Police Academy* and *Airplane* – worth a look, but don't expect the humour to be tremendously subtle.

Readers who have been taken by the wave of early 60s nostalgia typified by the Levis adverts will certainly want to spend half an evening watching **Crime Story** (*New World* The plot can't be considered all that earth-shattering, but it certianly gets by, and the atmospherics are absolutely spot on.

The tale centres on the Major Crime Unit of the Chicago police force in 1963. Head man Lt. Mike Torello's job is to sort out the top criminal firms, but after a run-in and shoot-out with a gang including a psychopathic Indian, they know that an unidentified new quantity has entered the equation.

Ray Luca is the slick, ruthless lynchpin of the new wave of crime, and he doesn't mind who he kills to get to the top – even his own torch-man and heist planner is blasted in order to pacify the city's biggest fence.

But the dead kid is the son of Torello's best friends, and Torello's one of those guys who don't get mad, they get fucking nasty . . .

The action is well up to scratch, the clothes are correct to a 'T', the cars evoke a thousand memories – how did they ever find enough to stage a complete, three-lane turnpike car chase? – and the soundtrack songs suddenly seem very familiar again. Part of the authenticity also stems from it being put together by an ex-cop, with another in the role of Torello and a genuine ex-villain playing one of the bad guys. Good detail.

Word has it that this was the pilot of a *Crime Story* series – I hope we see some more of them.

Martyn Lester

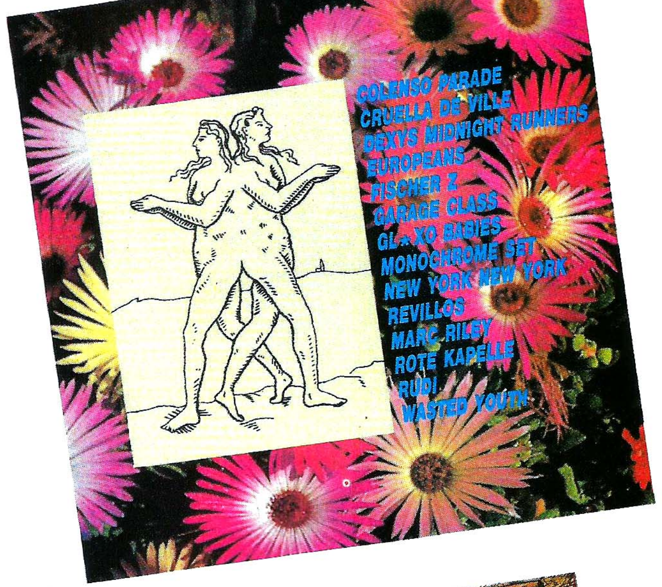
Records

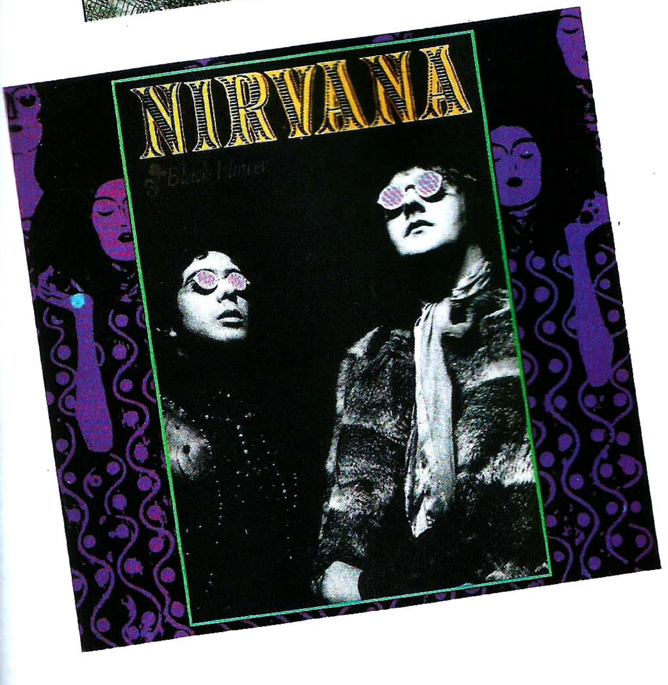
Warren Zevon, ex-alcoholic and ex-pianist with The Everly Brothers, has released a new album after a five year absence. **Sentimental Hygiene** on *Virgin* is his latest bid to realize his potential. There's a few competent unknown session men helping out on various tracks – a couple of dudes called Neil Young and Bob Dylan, for instance.

The record is firmly in the mould of American adult rock. It's a well produced, well played chug through downbeat concerns, emptiness, entertainment, earning a living, flunking inter-personal relationships and so on. With the exception of 'Leave My Monkey Alone' which is refreshingly odd, the album's almost a Springsteenish chronicle of the struggle to achieve some sort of degree of humanity – typical degenerate Yankee capitalism territory. It's nice enough, especially the sitar on 'Bad Karma', but it's predictable and repetitive, there's no passion, no bite, nothing above a bit of cynicism . . . just like America really.

Calm down **For A Few Pussies More** (*Anagram*) is not what you might think. It's a 700 m.p.h. compilation by the likes of The Meteors, The Guana Batz, Bad Karma Beckons and Alien Sex Fiend.

For the most part tight, hard and driving (occasionally laid-back) this is volume three of the 'Blood On The Cats' series. Volume one was subtitled 'The Psychobilly Compilation' and that about sums it up. Eat your heart out Dwight Yoakam and Steve Earle.





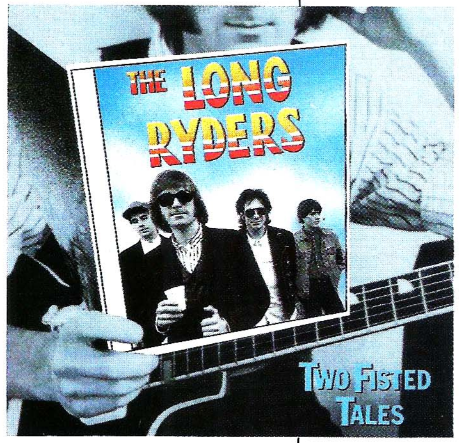
Another compilation and another volume three but with an Indie leaning this time: **Seeds III: Rock** (*Cherry Red*). The series is dedicated to 'great lost records' from the late seventies and early eighties. Cynics might think that such stuff is better lost than found; they'd be wrong.

There's Dexy's 'Dance Stance' which doesn't particularly grab me, and there's Fischer Z's 'So Long' which does. Best of the bunch is the brilliant debut single, 'Standing Up' from Colenso Parade – proto-stadium rock of the first order. Other enjoyable contributions come from The Revillos, Monochrome Set, Garage Class and Wasted Youth. All characterized by energy and imagination. All excellent.

1987 looks like seeing even more re-releases, repackagings and compilations than 1986. *Bam Caruso's* offering is **Black Flower** – a sort of greatest hits compilation from a band called Nirvana who to the best of my knowledge never had a UK hit, but were always working in the shadow of more famous bands like Spooky Tooth. Outside the UK the band are well received, and this compilation shows why. Lots of strings, lots of melody and some weird chord sequences. Unnerving in the softest and gentlest way imaginable, echoing all sorts of influences. A typical trick they employ is stressing the first note of a bar – this has the effect of making their melody lines sound like psychedelic third cousins to an old French musical. It's delightful, haunting and available at all good record shops. Try it.

Andy Oldfield

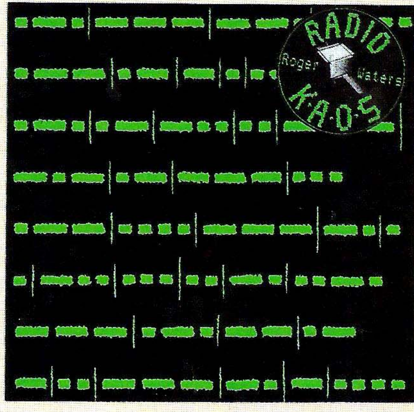
The first three songs on **Two Fisted Tales** (*Island*), the third album from The Long Ryders, bring back great memories of their earlier work. 'Gunslinger Man', 'I Want You Bad' and 'A Stitch In Time' sound great: driving guitars, pounding rhythm – a splendidly traditional American rock 'n' roll sound. The Long Ryders have been compared to The Byrds, but here they sound more like Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers or even ZZ Top gone slightly wimpish! The good times do not, unfortunately, last – from track four it's downhill almost all the way as The Long Ryders get lost in a heavy-guitar overkill. Too many songs are just plain tuneless noise, too many suffer from uninspired singing. 'Man Of Misery' and 'For The Rest Of My Days' on side two offer only temporary relief from the tedium.



Very frustrating – since we know from some of this LP and from most of the earlier *State Of Our Union* album that these boys can make great rock music. Maybe they didn't have enough material to make this the success it should have been.

A breath of fresh air from South Africa: meet Johnny Clegg and Savuka. This is it – genuine South African music and nothing to do with Paul Simon! What we have here is a lively, exciting, danceable, and very different sound from a multi-racial band led by Johnny Clegg – who was born in Rochdale but brought up in Rhodesia and then South Africa, and now has a reputation in his adopted homeland both for successfully merging Western and Zulu musical styles and for a lifetime's opposition to apartheid. If you liked Paul Simon's *Graceland* LP then you'll love Johnny Clegg and Savuka's album **Third World**

Record Of The Month



Roger Waters has hardly been the most prolific of rock music 'superstars' after leaving Pink Floyd in 1983. His first solo album, 1984's *The Pros And Cons Of Hitch-hiking*, was judged a disappointment by some critics; and the promotional tour was a financial disaster. It's taken him three years to release another solo album, and he has stayed in the familiar territory of the grandiose concept album, in the style of the most successful Pink Floyd records. This is no surprise, but what might startle the cynical critics is that ***Radio KAOS*** *(EMI)* is an undeniably impressive musical achievement, and a worthy 'record of the month' for this humble column!

The 'concept' is definitely 'big screen' and perhaps leaves Waters open to criticism of an obsession with old-fashioned hippie ideologies. The central figure in the story is Billy, a dumb youth from the Welsh valleys, who has the ability to receive radio signals directly into his consciousness. Billy is sent away from Wales suffering from the effects of the miners' strike to live with a relative in Los Angeles, where he freaks out with all the radio stations he can directly 'receive'. His favourite is Radio KAOS, an old-fashioned rock 'n' roll station with a cult DJ called Jim, who strikes up a relationship with Billy. Meanwhile, Billy is expanding his skills at do-it-yourself radio communications, and manages to simulate the signals signifying imminent nuclear attack. He tells Jim and Radio KAOS that Armageddon has come. Jim is convinced, and announces the end of the world over the airwaves. But all is not lost, the concluding message is that young people like Jim, Billy – and on a wider scale everyone who was responsible for the success of Live Aid – can make the world a better, safer place.

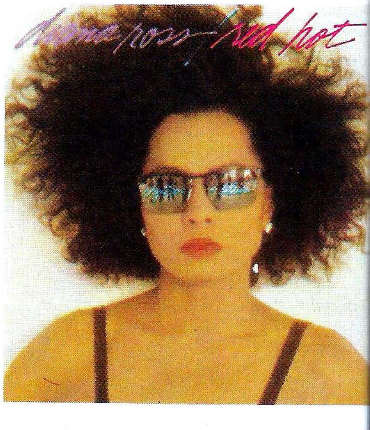
Yes, perhaps the concepts involved in this story are too big, too complicated, for a mere LP to get to grips with. But if anyone can have a credible stab at this sort of project, then Roger Waters is the man. His musicians (who include Andy Fairweather Low on guitars and Mel Collins on sax) are very accomplished at producing mainstream guitar rock without indulging in any excesses. Apart from a few dodgy mannerisms, Waters' vocals cope with the complex songs admirably. The tracks are interspersed with some clever radio sound effects and 'tapes' of Radio KAOS broadcasts featuring DJ Jim, the weird voice of Billy, and various other crazy listeners. In this respect the album reminds me of the work of American West Coast band Spirit – a group also, the cynics might say, stuck in a time-warp. Well, it may be a little outdated, but *Radio KAOS* is still a very entertaining and, not least, a very courageous, idiosyncratic record.

Rupert Metcalf

Child *(EMI)*, there are musical similarities but Savuka are much, much harder and livelier. The meaning of the band's name sums it up: 'We have awakened.'

Hold On To Your Dream *(RCA)* features the hot and heavy Chicago soul sound of J.M. Silk – the album has two or three real powerful sounds but also some lesser, bland and anonymous, numbers. Steve 'Silk' Hurley's single hit 'Jack Your Body' stands out from the rest – it's by far the most original track on the LP.

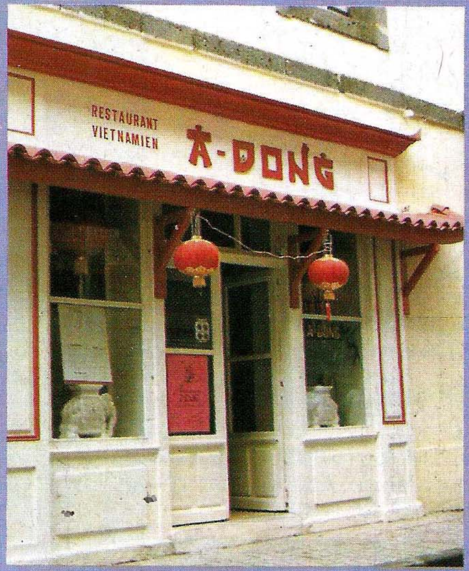
Red Hot Rhythm And Blues *(EMI)* is the slightly misleading title of the new album from Diana Ross – this ain't exactly the hottest (or the reddest?) R&B I've ever heard. However, there are some classy, well-crafted songs to be heard and enjoyed: 'Stranger In Paradise' is a grandoise old-fashioned big sound number; 'Shockwaves' bounces along catchily and sounds more like a hit single than the actual 45 'Dirty Looks'. The cool, bluesy 'Selfish One' gives Diana the chance to show just how sweet her voice can sound, while the Sixties sound resurfaces with 'There Goes My Baby'. However, Mick Hucknal's song 'Shine' sounds like something Simply Red rejected, and 'Summertime' is a typically soporific Leonard Cohen song that Diana should have left alone. Indeed, side two of the album gradually goes to sleep – but there are still enough goodies here to satisfy her many admirers.



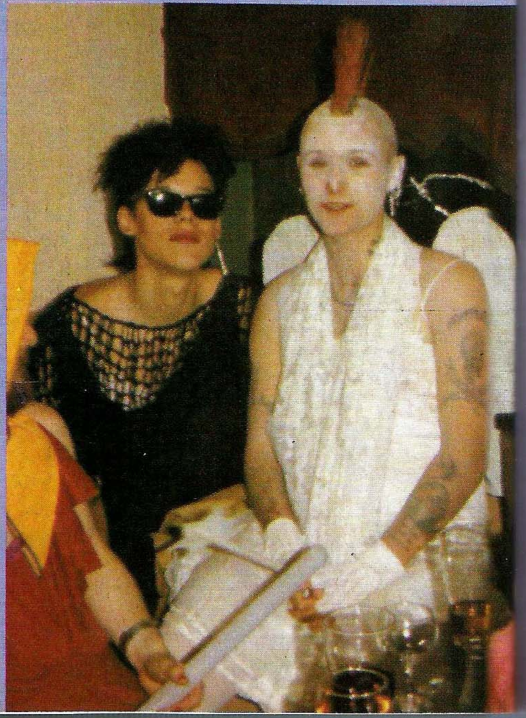
Rupert Metcalf

J. Jaekin thought you lot would like to feast your eyes on this historical study of the decline of the British motor-cycle industry — me, I just want to ride pillion . . .

Rumour has it (although the truth will probably never be known) that the eponymous S. Reynard of Essex — a man of legendary good taste and manners — walked into this ethnic eatery and accosted the plate captain thus: "You look like a prick, I suppose you're the proprietor?"

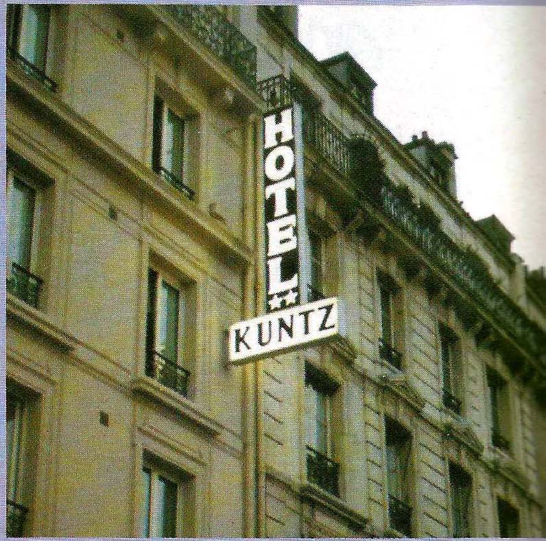


Meanwhile, P. Rosling proves that the Ilford branch of Transvestites And Persecuted Religious Minorities does hold wine and cheese meetings every Tuesday afternoon — weather and surgical supplies permitting.



You might think that the Fiesta Editor is bad enough, but just take a butchers at his notorious side-kick, photographed by S. Downey. You guessed it, it was his turn to get the ice-creams at this summer's Galaxy Publications beach-party!

B. Crawford just couldn't resist it. No sooner had he seen the sign than he was in the vestibule booking a room for the night. I wonder what the room service is like?



SNAPSHOT SHOW

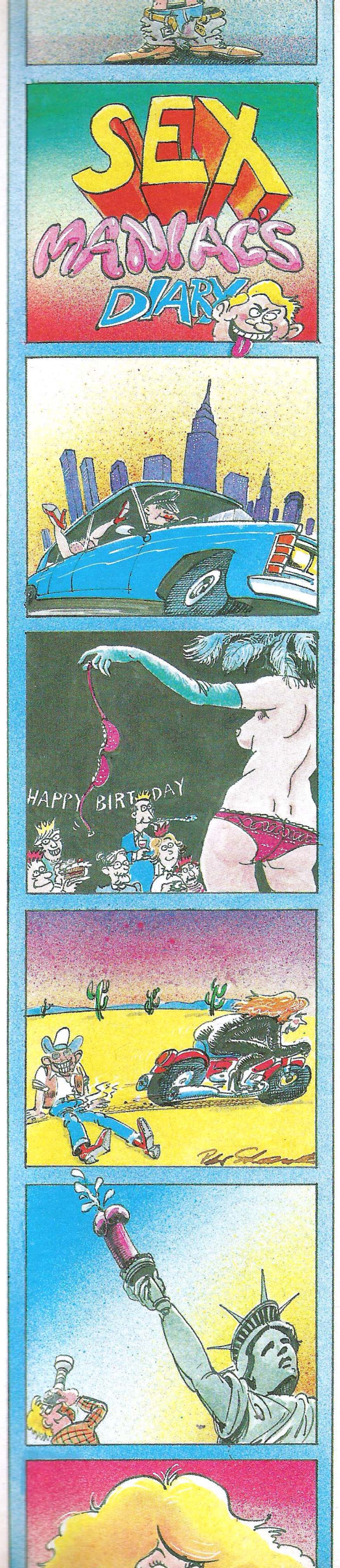
Here's your chance to grab a little fame and fortune (well thirty quid anyway). Reach for your cameras, exercise your imagination. We want you to send us your bizzare, weird, off-beat and amusing photographs. Keep an eye open for strange objects, odd events and cock-ups in everyday situations. Snap away and send your contributions and SAE to: Knave Snapshot Show, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

More hi-jinx from the Essex/East-End border country. L. Prior sent this one in a plain brown wrapper addressed to: 'The Total And Utter, Utter, Utter, Utter Bastard Who Writes The Crappy Captions'.

KOREN

If a picture paints a thousand words then Koren (the name comes from a Greek word meaning 'Beautiful Maiden') must be the visual equivalent of . . . erm . . . Hegel's 'Phenomenology Of Mind' – at the very least. A synthesis (in-joke for the benefit of all neo-Hegelian idealists and followers of assorted varieties of dialectical materialism) of good, honest clean living and a West-coast life-style, Koren's hobbies include free-association, herbal therapy and metal-work. I like her . . .

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARCEL



TUPPY OWENS is the creator, author and driving force behind "The Sex Maniac's Diary." A lot of research and travel goes into producing the diary. Month by month, Tuppy tells Knave readers what she gets up to in: THE SECRETS OF THE SEX MANIAC'S DIARY!

It might amaze you that some people are so undeterred by the AIDS situation that they spend their evenings in clubs, letting their wives loose on a load of horny guys, poking their dicks into as many crevices as possible and chatting up completely unknown ladies hoping to spend a lusty hour or two inside their pussies.

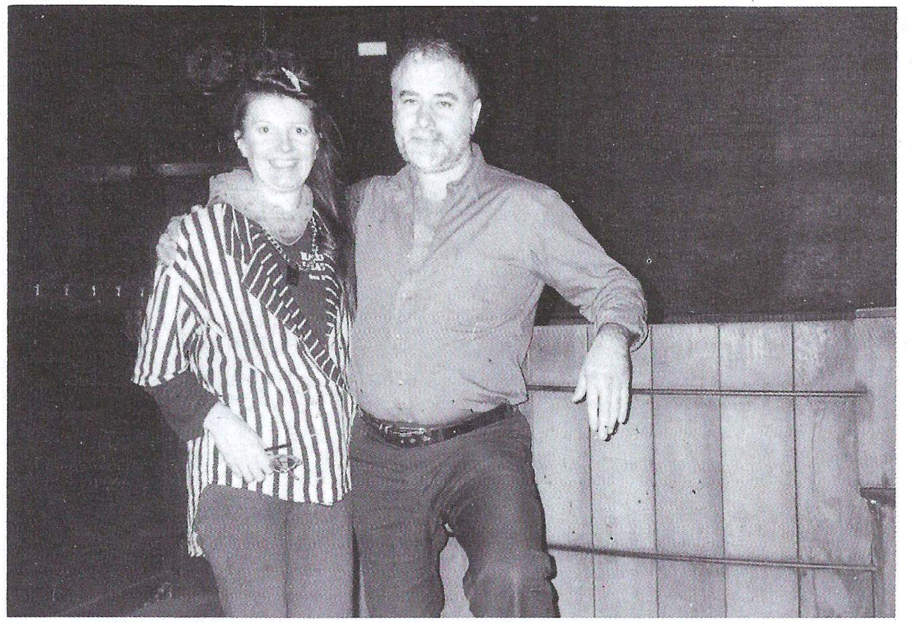
Swing clubs are listed in the *Sex Maniac's Diary* in a section which mimics the *Good Food Guide*, called the *Good Orgy Guide*. This year, because of the current situation, I retitled it *The Safer Swingers' Guide* and I thoroughly researched each club to see what, if any, precautions they are taking to protect their guests from all becoming HIV positive.

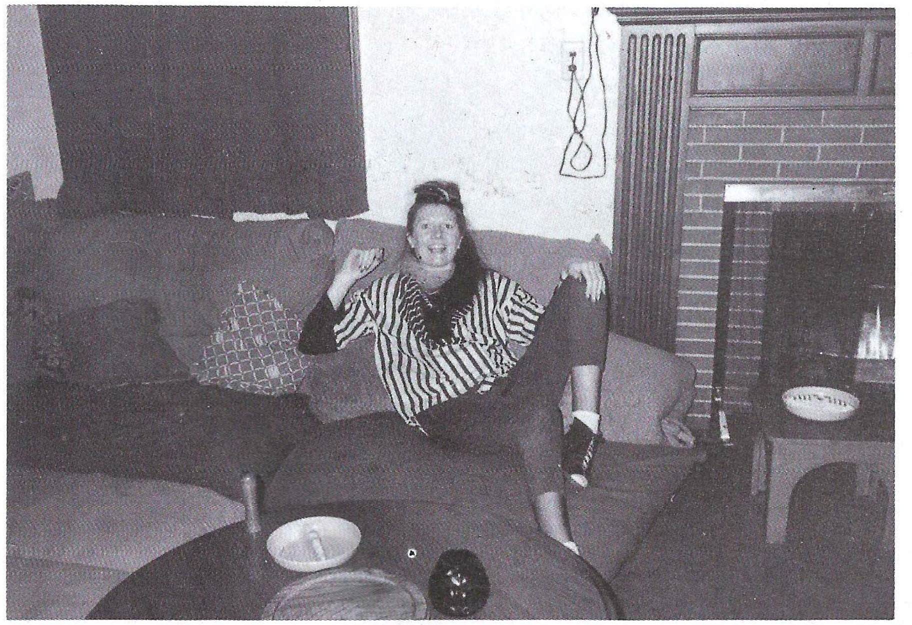
There are a couple of swing clubs which have a group of people who are regularly tested to make sure they're still negative and only have sex with members of that same group of negative people. It must be almost like a group marriage!

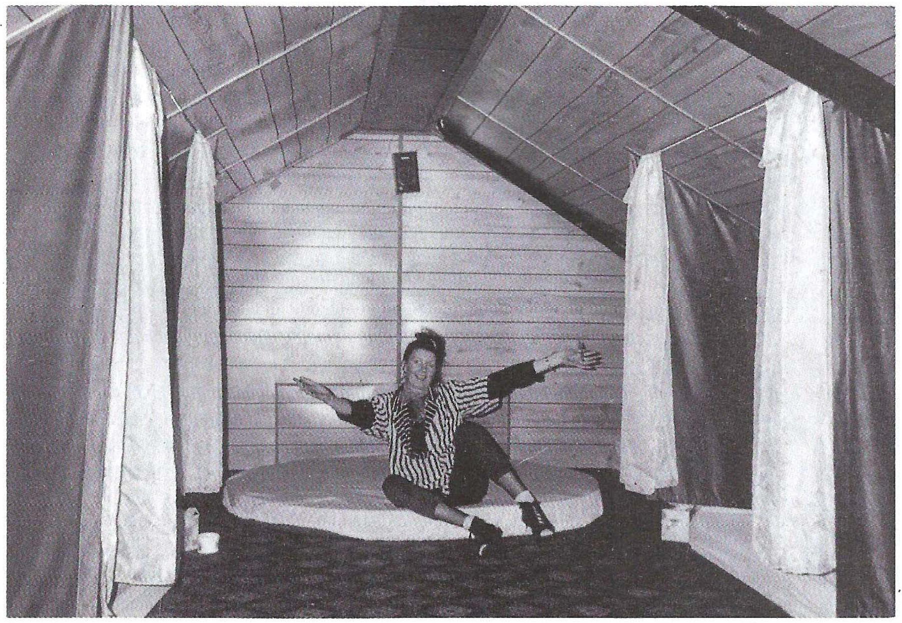
Deep in New York's lower Manhattan is Le Trapeze Club, which is given glowing reports in *Screw* as a super-clean chalet style club but . . . I found it to be stuffy, smelly, sordid and full of obnoxious overweight men and seedy whores. The only fanciable guy was the cloakroom attendant but he probably only seemed fanciable in comparison to the others! Lurid porno videos were being shown in the bar and at the end of a long corridor was a round room with a rotating light projecting moving spots on the mattress beneath, on which barely moving torsos clutched each other around the groin. I met Pat, the hostess, and we chatted briefly in the bar. She was, like me, fully clothed, and she reminded me of a gym mistress who no longer slides down the rope for pleasure. When asked about encouraging members to engage in safer sex, she pointed to the notices on the wall, reminding guests that New York law forbids anal or oral sex in public.

The Californian clubs are run completely differently. They are open only two or three nights a week, and are held in the owners' homes. I took the bus out of San Francisco to a suburb in Oakland and arrived at the doorstep of a club called Barry And Shell's. It seemed pretty dead, from what I could see through the patterned ground glass of the front door, but then when Barry came to open up, I realized that despite the fact that it wasn't party-night, he'd turned all the lights off. There were only a couple of tiny red lamps throwing out a dim glow and I could barely see my feet, let alone the club. Inside the hallway beneath one of the two lamps, under the stairs, was a little basket full of condoms and some printed surveys. The Advanced Institute of Human Sexuality was conducting a survey on the incidence of AIDS amongst Bay area swingers (no-one was found to be HIV positive). I walked around the house, avoiding tripping over the barely visible cushions on the floor and reckoning that it would be easy to be oblivious of the visual qualities and peculiarities of any potential sex partner in this poor light. Barry's converted garage housed a big red-wood tub with swirling water. Everything was a bit shabby and it was evident that Barry wasn't getting rich running his club. Eventually, I was invited up to his bedroom for a chat — this was the only room in the house with a chair in it. Then, out came the story that his wife, Shell, ran off several years ago and Barry now runs the club on his own.

"A couple of lamps threw out a dim glow. Inside the hallway beneath one of the two lamps, under the stairs, was a little basket full of condoms and some printed surveys."


Is it a fence? Is it a tub? Barry knows and he's not telling.


Tuppy perched on the cushions that've seen it all.


Tuppy swings into action in a San Francisco suburban attic.

I took a taxi down the road to the other club in Oakland, Steve And Sally's. There's no more Sally, just like there's no more Shell. Steve said that wives can't keep up with the pace of a swing club patron husband.

Actually, I really loved Barry's house. It was big and rambling and everything seemed relaxed and quite sexy. Steve seemed keen to switch into people's moods and had made specially smoothy tapes for the dancing end of the lounge. Up the big colonial staircase, there's a thirty foot bed with the biggest sheet on it I've ever seen. Right at the top of the house was an attic with little cubicles along both of the long walls, with white muslin-type curtains separating them off from the main part of the attic. Couples climb inside to fuck in semi-private, able to see out and glimpse other couples in other cubicles. At the end of the attic was a round foam-rubber mattress for people to lie on for blatant exhibitionistic group sex. Steve said that sometimes he got people with nice energies — exuberant vibes and this makes the party go well. He wanted me to stay for that night's party but I had other engagements. As I left, the black laundry boys were still folding up the 225 towels (needed for people coming out of the jacuzzi during the party) and the Sally-replacements were peeling potatos. This club got closed down soon after my visit — too much coke.

"At the end of the attic was a round foam-rubber mattress for people to lie on for blatant exhibitionist group sex."

There is a swing club in California which I thought was fantastic. It's run by a guy with a sense of humour and a determination to put all of his fantasies into reality. That's not true — he promised to fly me back to Los Angeles to come to another party and the ticket has still not arrived. Never mind!

I did actually visit his club on party night. It was Saturday night in Marina del Rey, in the last little town house in a modern cul de sac. A roller-skating doorman helped guests find a parking space and directed them to the front door. There, each lady is presented with her introductory free Mentor condom, and the man pays his contribution to the party in the form of $35. Mentor condoms are the

SEX MANIAC'S DIARY

continued from previous page

ones which have little applicators and a special sticky bit half way up to make sure they don't fall off. We'll be able to get them in England soon, I hear, but my limited experience with them (on Cyclon) is that the applicator makes it dificult to expel the air, and you get a huge air bubble at the end of the cock, making it look as if it has farted!

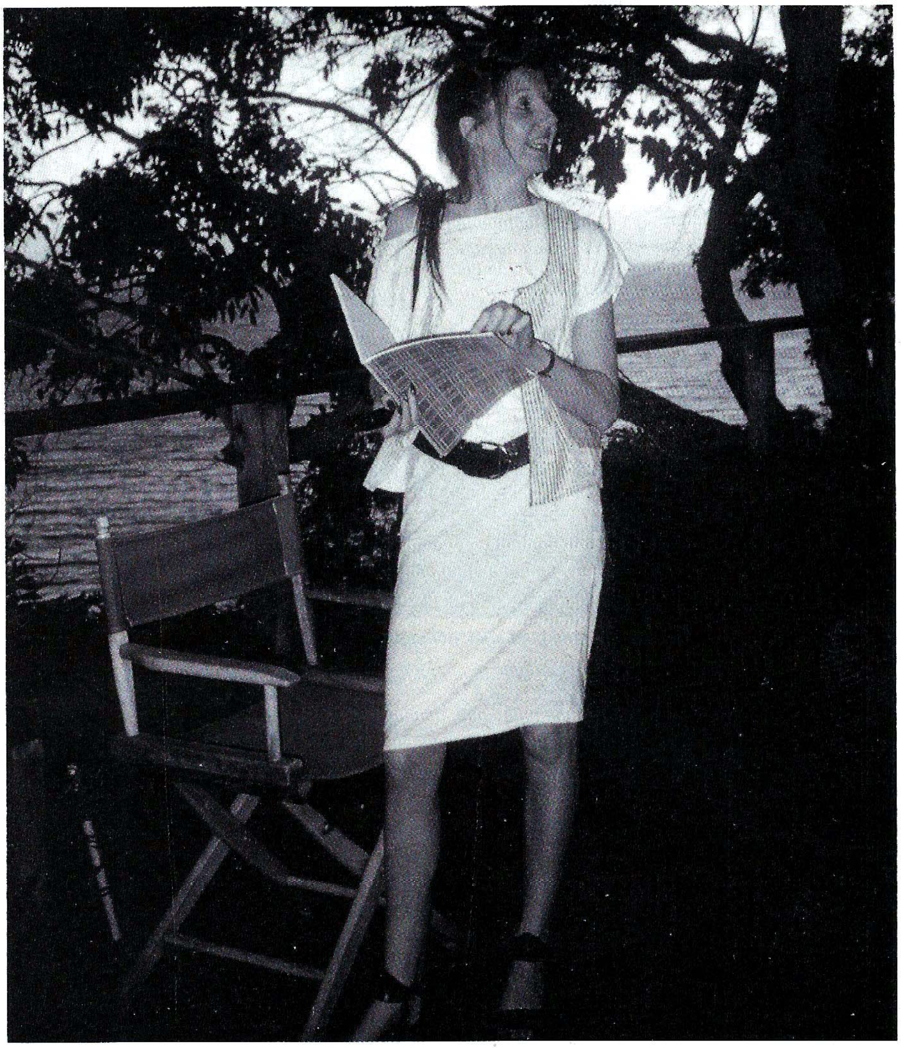
Anyway, back to the sex club in Los Angeles. It's called Sea Breeze and it's a labyrinth of fur-lined bunkettes and a wonderful little room with mirrored walls where you can see multitudes of yourself and your partner. Everything is pretty and carefully engineered.

Surprisingly, the people there seemed socially nervous. Somehow you expect Los Angeles people to be brash, and Los Angeles orgiasts to be brazen hussies before the action began, but no. Even by half past midnight, couples were still standing fully clothed and surreptitiously eyeing each other up. I walked around looking at the fixtures and fittings and had men pulling at my body in a totally juvenile kind of way. I wondered what kind of lovers they were, but felt untempted to find out.

As I said, swingers aren't really my kind of people. They seem to need the safety of the club — it's as if they feel sexier within the environment of a sex club, where they know that everyone else is there for the same purpose — to get laid. If they're exhibitionistic or voyeuristic, they might feel it's cooler to play with its glass floor (designed for looking up skirts or, in most cases, fannies) or standing inside the grope box waiting for passers-by to fondle them through the holes.

There's nothing like Sea Breeze in Britain. There are swing clubs but they are only places to meet up, not to fuck. The best one is called the Candy Club and it has dances in an Ilford disco. It's pretty down-to-earth and run by a jolly couple, Frank and Anna. Wild nudists and swingers come from Southend and all parts of the South East, and frolic around, often ending up back at the house where hanky pankies are usually limited to the safer kinds of sex (wanking, peeping and playing around).

Is there anything for the single man? Well, the Candy Club doesn't refuse single men membership — they just charge much more. What you'll get is entrance to a randy room and a remote chance of a dance or more with a randy girl or woman. You'll stand in a wall of other single guys, who'll probably chat to you. Nightshift won't allow you membership.



A spot of California dreaming on the Beach Club balcony. I think I'm in the wrong job.

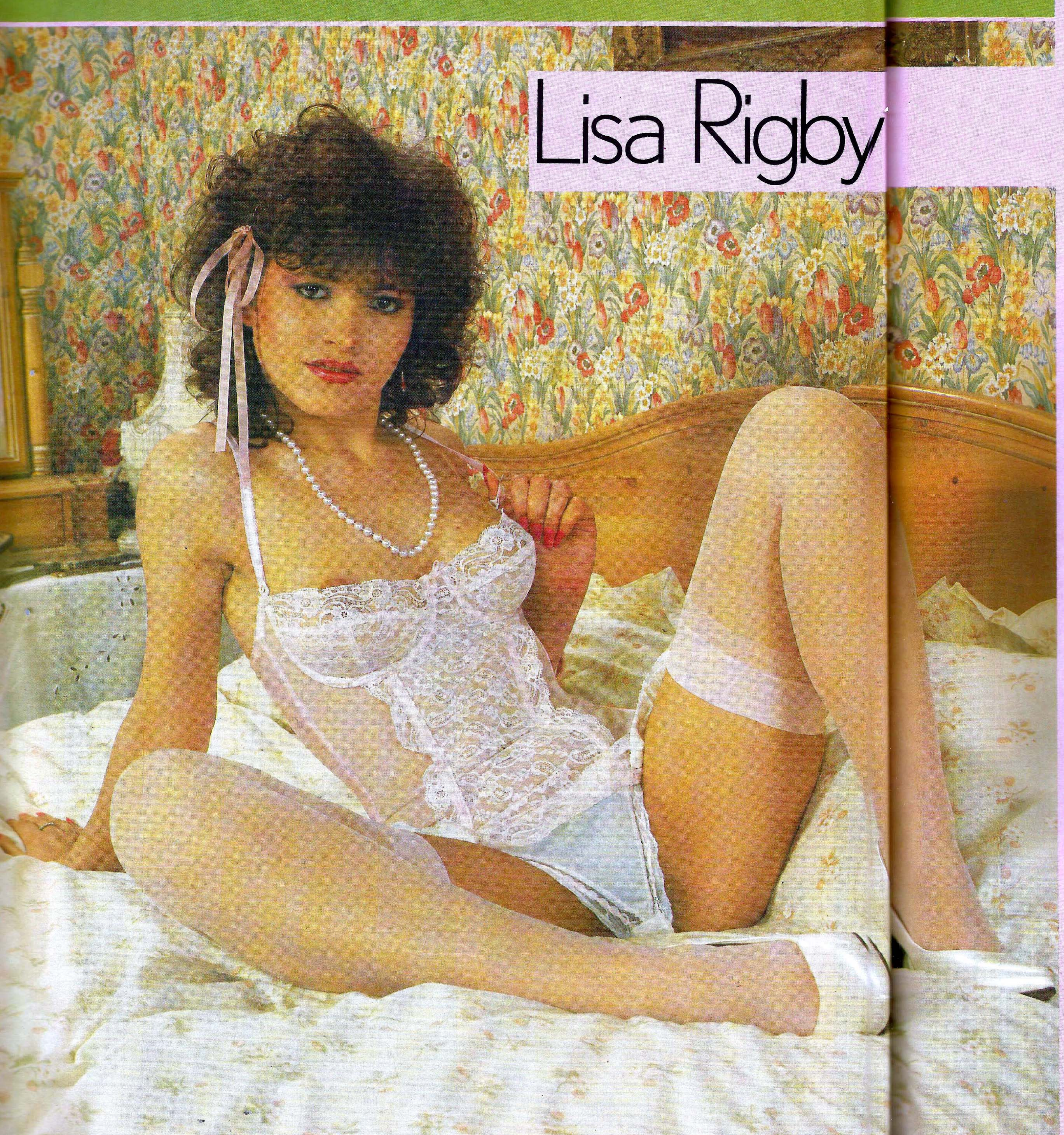
If you're excited about going swinging, and want to find a swinging lady, where will you find her? All your girlfriends in the past, I bet, have fallen in love with you and have neither wanted to share you with your mates, nor bring their girlfriends round for you to fondle. They certainly haven't been up to swapping seats with your friend's girlfriend when you went on double dates to the pictures. Girls are usually afraid of swinging because they are more interested in the man than the action.

Once they get a whiff of the action, though, beware! Women go mad. Once she's had a dozen men in one night, she'll want two dozen. Swinging women usually piss their partners off with their incredible appetites. Once they've been through the men in the club each night, they'll start on the women. Then, all of a sudden one day, they switch off the whole idea (like Shell and Sally) and want a really straight and romantic affair.

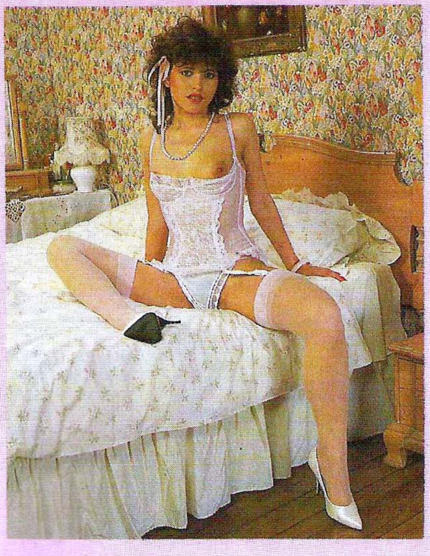
I'm not sure what triggers a girl off to want to go to a sex club and get that first whiff of the action. We certainly don't respond at all well to being pushed into it. Perhaps it seems attractive after years or decades of drab sex. Lots of swinging ladies say it was a conscious effort to break away from their repressive upbringings, a period of rebelliousness they needed to go through to find their own true sexuality. For me, I think I went through a fairly swinging phrase in my 20s and it resulted from the fantasies which I had, helped by Fellini (Juliet of the Spirits), a vivid imagination and several years spent with a highly libidinous but sexually uptight boyfriend.

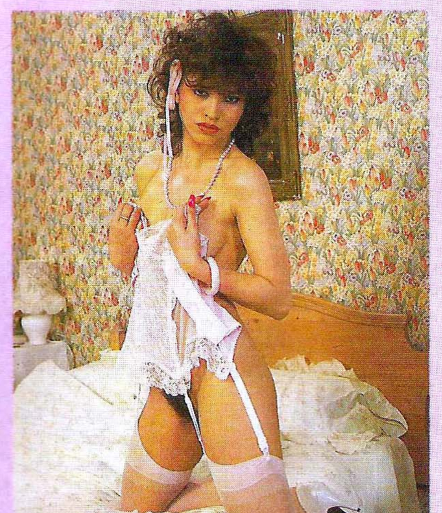
What really turned me off swinging was the lack of passion one experienced. People treat sex like a joke, or a challenge of how many people they can get through. Many orgiasts say that the anticipation of the orgy, the memories of the tastiest moments, then the anticipation of the next one are far, far more exciting than the reality of the party. So, reader, if you want to go to a swing club, you might be happier pretending to go!

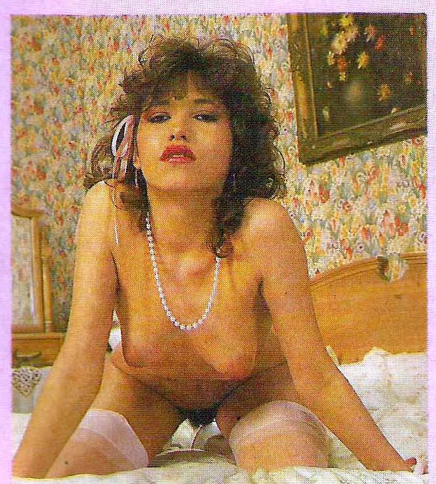
Lisa Rigby



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVE ANTONY







AMATEUR MODEL

A lot of girls do it — how about you? If you want to become one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form at the end of this feature and send us some rude photos of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude — front and back view.

Lisa has wanted to be a model for a long time now. Fortunately, her day at our studios hasn't put her off — must have been a pretty close thing though. But I think I'd better not dwell on that too much.

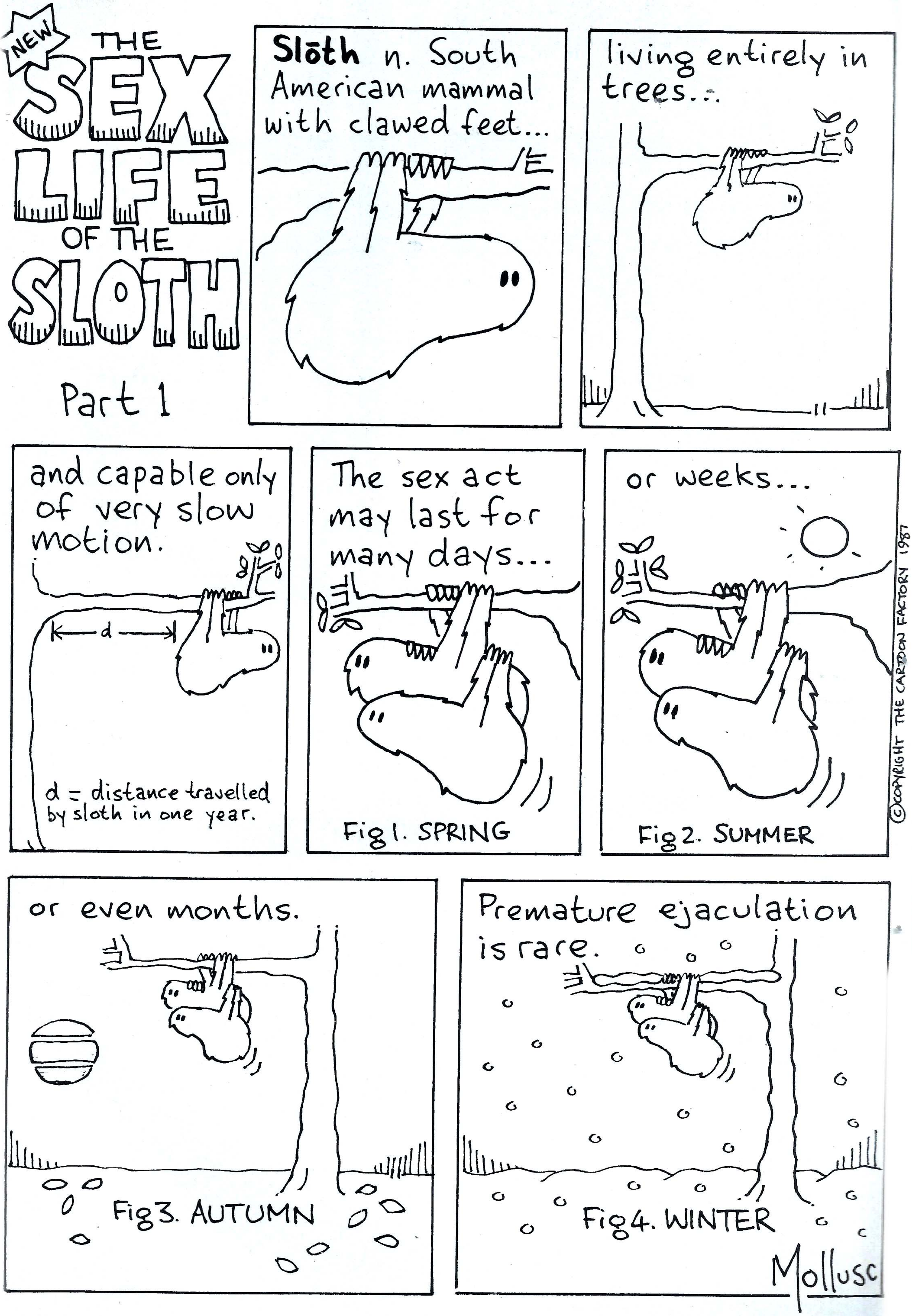
Lisa comes from North of the border — the East Sussex/Kent border, that is — Sandwich to be precise. (Please note the total absence of puns connecting her home-town with the gourmet inch-thick ketchup concoctions which invariably litter the studio buffet bar of a lunch-time). She's twenty years old, has a warm bubbly disposition and a well developed sense of fun. She can come back anytime she likes . . .

TO: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, P.O. BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

WANTED — A star for a day! GIRLS — do you think you could be Amateur Model of the Month in Knave? GUYS — do you know a girl who would like to model for Knave? Yes? If so, send us some colour prints or polaroids — preferably fully nude — plus the completed form. We choose the girls we like, and invite them to our Studio in Essex for an enjoyable day out modelling for Knave, with a professional photographer behind the camera and a make-up stylist to make our girls look their best. We pay each Amateur Model £200 for their modelling session — and £25 goes to the photographer who sends us their pictures. Girls are eligible for our Amateur Model feature as long as they have not previously appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other mens' magazine.

MODEL'S NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....
DATE OF BIRTH ....
SIGNATURE ....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....
DATE PHOTOS TAKEN ....
SIGNATURE ....


NEW
THE SEX LIFE OF THE SLOTH
Part 1
Slōth n. South American mammal with clawed feet...
living entirely in trees...
and capable only of very slow motion.
d
d = distance travelled by sloth in one year.
The sex act may last for many days...
Fig 1. SPRING
or weeks...
Fig 2. SUMMER
©COPYRIGHT THE CARTOON FACTORY 1987
or even months.
Fig 3. AUTUMN
Premature ejaculation is rare.
Fig 4. WINTER
Mollusc

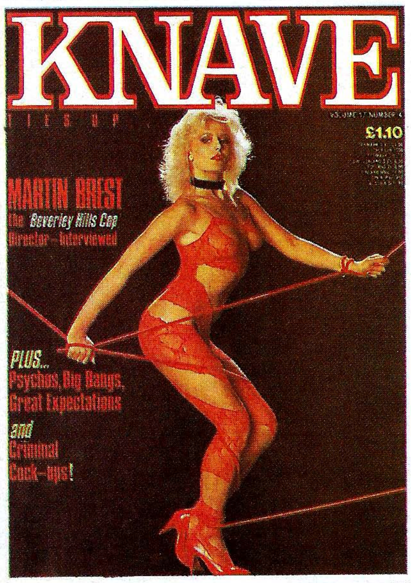
Margaret

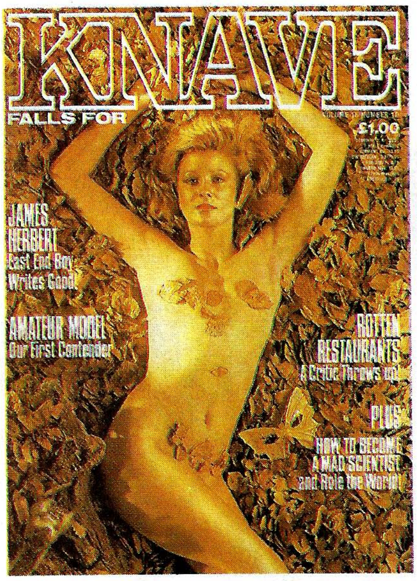
Those amongst you with good memories will recall that in a previous issue we featured a girl wearing a string of pearls. Her name was, of course, Pearl and her occupation — a stringer. Not everyone was convinced. Well, this month we've got her sister — Margaret. Amazingly enough, and this is absolutely true, 'Margaret' is derived from a Latin word meaning 'Pearl' — I suppose their parents must have been etymologically erudite.

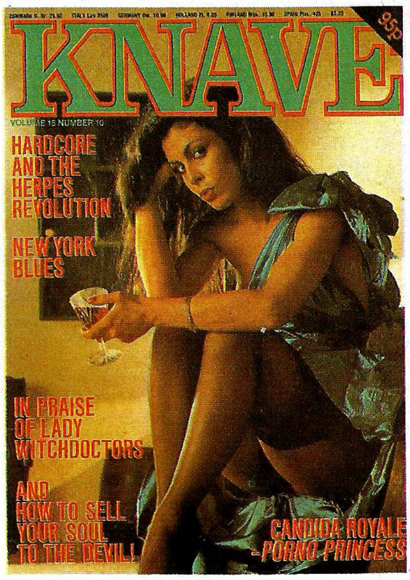
Margaret, like her sister, goes a bundle on the good things in life, like jewellery (I overheard our charming Editor offering to give her a pearl necklace in addition to the normal modelling fee — the man's generosity never ceases to astound me). Next month: look out for a model called Ruby with a penchant for precious red stones!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LARRY CAYE

Have you had enough of girls like Alison, Titania and Fiona?







No? We thought not. Back issues featuring these three beauties are amongst **the many still available:**

15/3 — Ruth, Ingrid, Tia, Rock 'n' Rolls Lost Heroes.
15/6 — Patience, Josie, Zena, Rude Computers.
15/7 — Carmen, Shivani, Tracy, Kiss & Tell Memoires.
15/9 — Dionne, Shivani, The Thrust Catalogue.
15/10 — Fiona, Hecate, Lucille, Lady Witchdoctors.
15/11 — Valentina, Alexandra, Gabriella, Tokyo Blues.
15/12 — Lindie, Amelia, Millicent, Love on the Phone.
15/X — Charlie, Margot, Gill, Sex in Space.

16/1 — Nikki, Lorna, Belinda, The King of the Studs.
16/2 — Shivani, Tobi, Ruth, How To Piss Off More Girls.
16/3 — Mindy, Kim, Rachel, John Cooper Clarke Interview.
16/4 — Gina, Olivia, Carla, Douglas Adams Interview.
16/5 — Cheryl, Jackie, Sophie, Furry Freak Brothers.
16/6 — Simone, Lucinda, Merilee, Terry Jones Interview.
16/7 — Sweetie Todd, Dominique, John Dowie Interview.
16/8 — Michelle, Sugar, Marianne, Harry Harrison Interview.
16/9 — Beverley, Krista, Suki, Mail Order Madness.
16/10 — Titania, Hazel, Naomi, James Herbert Interview.
16/11 — Kirsteen, Joana, Sandy, Peter Tinniswood Interview.
16/12 — Joan, Jeanie, Polly, Fish Interview.
16/X — Lucy, Lewd Detectives, Bill Oddie Interview.

17/1 — Kelli, Nadine, June, Rik Mayall Interview.
17/2 — Vanessa, Polly, Frank Herbert Interview.
17/3 — Cora, Gemma, Lesley, Gary Glitter Interview.
17/4 — Alison, Aurora, Helle, Beverley Hills Cop.
17/5 — Missy, Dahlia, The Man Behind Steptoe & Son.
17/6 — Lian, Rachel, Mia, Steven Berkoff Interview.
17/7 — Connie, Polly, Denholm Elliot Interview.
17/8 — Lemmie, Terri, Carla, Beer Quiz.
17/9 — Alison, Coralie, Eva, Men Without Women.
17/10 — Clarice, Beverley, Patrick Macnee Interview.
17/11 — Gemma, Mitzi, Katie, William Donaldson Interview.
17/12 — Sissy, Irena, Lifeforce, Sexual Failure.
17/X — Ruth, Lechering, Horny Vampires, Santa Claus Interview.

18/1 — June, Josephine, Marquis de Sade.
18/2 — Ione, Kama, Gail, David Rappaport Interview.
18/3 — Alana, Duff Diving, Alan Moore Interview.
18/4 — Jacqui, Irena, Linda, George Best Interview.
18/5 — Sasha, Pamela, Nossex Chromicles, Divine Interview.
18/6 — Candice, Rosa, The Man Who Wrote Rambo.
18/7 — Nicole, Giselle, William Gibson Interview.
18/8 — Alison, Tacy, Fernando Rey Interview.
18/9 — Sissy, Katie, Sex-Art.
18/10 — Fayme, Shivani, Sasha, Oral Sex.
18/11 — Rachel, Candice, Lesley, Peter Shilton Interview.
18/12 — Odette, Sadie, John Carpenter Interview.
18/X/ — Shivani and Alison two girl set, Tuppy Owens Interview.

PLUS: The Best of Knave 1984, 1985 and 1986. And all of Vol. 19!

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WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Firmly ensconced in her role as healer of inferiority complexes, massager of bruised egos and disseminator of arcane advice, BETTE NOIRE, B.Sex (Hons), M.Sex (Distinction), P.45, battles on. Why the crusade to bring light and enlightenment to the world? Well, partly it's out of the goodness of her heart, but mostly it's because her projected book on blow jobs in a monetarist economy was turned down and she needs the money.

Q: I often used to masturbate about four times a week. (I don't now, as I have a girlfriend.) But the problem stems from when I used to; it has caused my penis to bend a bit to the left, because I used to use my right hand. I was wondering how to get it straight again. (Should I use my left hand?) Also, I went to my GP recently to ask about some spots I have at the roots of my pubic hair. He said they were just like facial spots and they were nothing to worry about. Do you know anything aobut this? — D.S., (Liverpool).

A: First of all, you could have masturbated with your feet — either one — and it wouldn't have made a jot of difference to how you bend, my friend. Your penis is going to grow any way it sees fit, and there isn't anything you can do about it. A lot of men bend one way or another — it's natural! It's just mother nature reminding you she isn't completely symmetrical, that's all. Don't even think twice about it. As far as the spots are concerned, I'd go with what your doctor says. Quite often it's just a mater of hair follicles getting plugged up with skin cells or other material, and little bumps can form. If your doctor didn't look at the skin (and he damned well should have), then just keep an eye on them, and make sure they don't change in size or colour or start to bleed. If there's any kind of change, go back and show him. But chances are, it's just a matter of plugging, or irritation . . . keep the area clean and dry (talc) and forget it.

Q: My girlfriend tells me that sex is good if you're feeling tense or uptight. I certainly enjoy the activity — but can it actually relieve stress? — R.V., (Harrow).

A: Well, I wouldn't substitute it for a few sessions on the psychiatrist's couch, but if you're talking about the usual hassle and fatigue that comes from hard work and hectic living — your girlfriend's right. According to the author of 'The New Sex Therapy: Active treatment for Sexual Dysfunction' (forget the cold title — it's not bad. Order it if you don't see it.) by Dr H. Kaplan, a good climax can cause the body to release a substance called endorphins — they think it's the same painkilling, mood-raising hormones responsible for 'runner's high'. It has an effect similar to what people experience after taking a mild drug, like aspirin. Some doctors even prescribe a good bout in bed for arthritis sufferers — it'd distracting and relaxes the symptoms! So there you are — for a good flush and unwind, you can't beat it!

Q: I try hard, very hard, to make out with women sexually and socially — unsuccessfully, I'm afraid. They seem to be scared by my approaches. What can I do? Is there a secret formula? — Jim, (North London).

A: Your enthusiasm for women's sexuality is terrific — and evident — I'm sorry I had to edit your letter down to fit the available space. If you know your intensity scares the ladies off, then cool it down a bit. It might well seem to them that that's all you're after! (And they can scent that like a hawk scents blood, my dear.) So they get uneasy or annoyed, and there goes your confidence. Forget a 'modus operandi'. Most woman would prefer you if you didn't have one! So build things up, step by step, and take it slowly. And read her signals before you flood her with yours. (Report back.)

Q: Something embarrassing happened to me last week, and I don't exactly know what to do about it. I finally met a girl I had been writing to for almost a year. She had sent me a photo — she was beautiful! We met at a friend's house, and went to the movies, where everything was fine, except that I had been hard all the way through! Anyway, when we went back to watch TV, all she did was kiss me — and I ejaculated. Needless to say, I made a quick exit — how can I explain what happened, to her? — J.B., (Pontefract).

A: Look. You'd been having this girl on your mind for a long time — you were just overexcited! Ms Noire would be bloody flattered. Prescription: keep seeing her. (If she says nothing, you say nothing. If she noticed — come clean!)

Q: I have heard that a few women have tissues covering their clitorises that keep them from getting aoused. I'm not sure my lover has them, but it seems difficult to turn her on. — M.V., (Preston).

A: They're called clitoral adhesions, and are very rare. They are also rarely the reason for sexual difficulty. Even when surgery has been done, there hasn't been much proof that responsiveness increases. I'd look for another reason — it's either your problem, her problem, or both your problems, in which case a little chat's in order. Find out what excites her, to begin with!

Q: My boyfriend and I are in the middle of a fight — I hope you can help! He tells me that the more a woman has had sex, the looser she is inside — her vaginal muscles get worn out! I think he's nuts — and I also think he's resentful because I wasn't a virgin when we first slept together. Will you put him straight? — S.S., (Cork).

A: Oh, for heaven's sake — with pleasure! Sex not only doesn't increase the size of your insides, but it tones those muscles. (Hasn't he felt those contractions when you climax?) I odn't know how old you are (and when you lost your virginity is your own business), but if he expected you to be a virgin . . . good grief, what gives him the right to judge any woman's sexual status? Tell him to date Barbara Cartland . . .

Q: This is going to sound crazy, but I came upon a new sensation while giving her head that you might be interested in. It all started with a cough . . . anyway, we discovered that if I had a coughdrop (one of those menthol kinds) in my mouth while I went down on her, the feelings were great — sort of tingling! What do you think? She said the feeling was hot and cold at the same time . . . — S.G., (Wolverhampton).

A: Why not? Blow on it, too . . . have you tried the reverse? (If she has a tendency to gag a little, the coughdrop might add a little lubrication — until she doesn't need it . . .) Nothing like a little imagination!

Problem? Reasonable questions answered. If unreasonable, they'll either get trashed or passed around for a smirk or a laugh in the office! Write to: What's Your Problem? Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.